John Carter Brown.

THE

Wonderful, Surprizing and Uncommon

# VOYAGES

AND

# ADVENTURES

OF

# CAPTAIN JONES,

## TO PATAGONIA.

RELATING

His Adventure to Sea. His firſt landing, and ſtrange combat with a mighty bear. His furious battle with his ſix and thirty men, againſt an army of eleven kings, with their overthrow and deaths. His relieving of Kemper Caſtle. His ſtrange and admirable ſea fight with ſix huge galleys of Spain, and nine thouſand ſoldiers. His being taken priſoner, and hard uſage. His being ſet at liberty by the king's command, in exchange for twenty-four Spaniſh captains, and return for England. A comical deſcription of Captain JONES's ruby noſe. Part the Second. His incredible adventures and atchievements by ſea and land, particularly his miraculous deliverance from a wreck at ſea, by the ſupport of a dolphin. His ſeveral deſperate duels. His combat with BAHADAR CHAM, a giant of the race of OG. His loves with the queen of NO-LAND, and baſely leaving her. His deep employments, and happy ſucceſs in buſineſs of ſtate.

*All which, and more, is but the Tythe of his own Relation, which he continued until he grew Speechleſs and Died.*

With his ELEGY and EPITAPH.

The SECOND EDITION.

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RPJCB

FAME's windy trump blew up this haughty
mind,
To do, or wish to do, what here you find:
'Twas ne'er held error yet in errant Knights
(Which privilege he claims) to dress their fights
In high hyperbolies: for youth's example,
To make their minds, as they grow men, grow
ample.
Thus such atchievements are assay'd and done,
As pass the common power and sense of man.
Then let high spirits strive to imitate,
Not what he did, but what he doth relate.

## To the READER.

READer, you've here the mirror of the times,
Old Jones wrapp'd in his colours, and my rhimes.
Receive him fairly, pray; nor cenſure how,
Or what he tells; the matter he'll avow.
And for the form he ſpeaks in, I'll maintain it,
It comes as near his vein as I could ſtrain it.
For 'twere improper to ſet forth an aſs
Capriſon'd, and pannel a great horſe.
My part claims no invention's praiſe: for (know it)
Where ere there's fiction in't, there he's the poet.
His laſt deeds here epitomiz'd, intreat
Some thundering pen to ſet them forth compleat.
Let him whoſe lofty Muſe will deign to do it,
Drink ſack and gunpowder, and ſo fall to it.

After Captain JONES his great Conqueſt in the INDIES, theſe Verſes were engraven on a Pillar of Gold, in the famous City of CHIAPA.

*HAvacun! at ſiquinta, rucar, ruchaquit, a holom,*
*Rutſi nutſiquin* Jonos, *quintacque* Britanno;
*In rutiſba Dios, chiru narapata tiquita,*
*Xalocobta naloc quinquimi, nava tinuloc,*
*Chaquil Ruchaquil,* Don Spanos, *Cacaracarta*
*Inra Ixnulocoſh* Europon *quincol amoloh,*
*Chinaloconta nucam quiti Chicata Chiapa,*
*Mecoacana mani quinraphi tilcona rutat,*
*Inrurapa cochor vilcat Cacunta, Chalocoh*
*Havocobta ruvac, Rixim car nucar avixim;*
*Ixlocon-bita quimac, avix inreca corochi,*
*Pan Nutſi nuchac, quinrochi nutiſba China;*
*Chipam Rumolobimac, numac taxa veronquil*
*Chyrvo capat quiro vinac navecata maniquir,*
*Chilocontho Navos nutacqui Coave-caca,*
*Quinvani vilquin Xinvi nucamca tivito.*

---

*By the aſſiſtance of* Mr. Gage *his rules to learn that* Indian *Tongue, called* Poconchi, *thus faithfully and verbatim tranſlated into* Engliſh.

HO paſſenger! Behold, read, underſtand,
Great Jones a Briton conquer'd all this land;
In thirteen days twelve Kings he overthrew,
And millions of ſavages he ſlew:
At laſt the Spaniſh Dons, with all their force
Of Indian foot, and European horſe,

Sur-

Surpriz'd him near Chiapa, where he ſtood
Five hours in fight cover'd with fire and blood;
And in that furious conflict all his men,
Who were once thirty-ſix reduc'd to ten;
With thoſe few blades, and his own mighty arm,
He did repulſe them without ſpell or charm:
Then to his ſhip retreated; and to ſhew,
'Twas glory and not gold he did purſue;
Of all the ſpoils he took but one rich cup,
And as much gold as made this pillar up.

This monument ſtood undefac'd 1588. But immediately after was demoliſhed by the envy of the Spaniards, and the gold converted to other uſes.

E. LL.

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*On the Revival of Captain* JONES.

WHY ſhak'ſt thou coward hand, do'ſt drop the pen,
Honour'd to limn the prodigy of men?
What means this ſtrange ſurpriſal that unknits
Thy joints, poſſeſſing them with palſy'd fits?
Who dares (dread hero) offer to thy fame,
(Without Apollo's call) muſt feel the ſame.
Mov'd by pure zeal to honour, thus I run,
A young enthuſiaſt the prieſts among,
Trembling to pay my mite. Welcome once more
To us, Great Britain's Mars; our joys run o'er,
To ſee the truth of a platonic year
Confirm'd in thee; ſo bright do'ſt thou appear,
Deck'd with thy valour's rays: poets (who can
Make gods) have rais'd thee up thou god-like man.
What brave revenge had'ſt th'ad on thy old foe,
Had'ſt thou but breath'd our air ſome months ago?
Thou, and thy ſix-and-thirty ſet on ſhore
In Hiſpaniola, would'ſt have acted more

Than

Than was (I bluſhing write it) done by ——
And——with their ten thouſand men.
I acquieſce, and leave to higher forms,
Thy ſtern deportment in all fights and ſtorms,
Who draw at large, and well; my ſingle hint
Is a portentous act in a ſmall print.
Reward thoſe who again have made thee breathe,
With laurel ta'en from thy victorious wreathe;
I have enough t'entitle me to fame,
Who both a Briton am, and of thy name.

H. I.

---

*A Supplement to the famous Hiſtory of the truly valiant and magnanimous Captain* JONES.

LOOK to yourſelves. I ſee his marble frown,
His threat'ning aſhes challenge their renown,
Expoſtulating thus. Durſt your narration,
Omit thoſe noble acts of admiration,
Which I perform'd, when Æolus deny'd
Me his aſſiſtance 'gainſt the ſtruggling tide?
Never was martial man affronted worſe,
Tyrone had brib'd him to retort my courſe.
Some wiſh'd me ſent to Lapland for a wind,
Nay that I ſcorn'd, I had enough behind;
Turning my poſtern, I ſent forth a blaſt
That tore the ſails, and crack'd the ſturdy maſt,
Hurrying my frigate with ſuch force, that it
Ran on a ſhelve, and ſo was like to ſplit.
'Gramercy policy, this I foreſaw,
For ſuch miſchances I had help at maw;
I'd drank an ocean up of Engliſh beer,
Which (wanting water) I made uſe of here;
I turn'd my conduit pipe o'er deck and ſpouted,
And fill'd the ſhore, ſo that Saint Patrick ſhouted,

And

And cry'd, my friends this is no time for mirth,
Oh honey! a deluge comes to drown the earth!
Obſtructions being removed in this ſort,
At length I landed in an Iriſh port,
And thought it wiſdom, before they came to treat,
To ſtay my ſtomach with a bit of meat.
Seeing a cook hang up a ſtall-fed ox,
I bid him roaſt him quickly, with a pox;
'Twas quickly done: as ſoon as off the ſpit,
My valiant grinders ſnapt it at a bit;
Sooner than one could turn his hand about,
As when a pickrel ſwallows up a trout.
The cook's amaz'd: what quoth I, thou thief,
I do not eat, but barrel up my beef;
I can lay up a whole one and a half,
The Ox that Milo carried was a calf:
Sirrah make haſte, get me ſome more meat dreſs'd,
To fortify the caſtle of my breaſt.
I mean to feed as dromedaries do,
Both for the preſent and the future too.
Thus terrify'd, my foes ran to the bogs,
And there were metamorphos'd into frogs;
I ſpeedily deſtroy'd that croaking faction,
Then could no longer live for want of action.
Death, nature's beadle, took me by the hand,
And ſaid, Grand Captain I thee now diſband,
Abſtract of valour, let thy name be bleſt,
Lye down within this tomb, and take thy reſt.

R. LL.

---

## On Valiant JONES.

COME ſee the man, whom mountains bred,
Who talked high, as he was fed.
No court like milk-ſop train'd to th' fiddle,
But ye and i' th' region call'd the middle.

There

There Captain Jones his cradle chooſes,
More dangerous than that of Moſes;
For that was watch'd by Pharaoh's daughter,
The De'el a nurſe did him look after,
Or he for them: come wolf or goat
Who took the Nib, and fill'd his throat,
Thence was ally'd to Brute; near cuz
By th' nurſe's ſide to Romulus:
And for his nimbleneſs and ſkipping,
Remus (himſelf) could ne'er out leap him;
This, and the warbles of his throat,
Came from the rennet of the goat
Curdling his gutturals: his hair's
All flaggy too, and rank as theirs.
Which was reſented, as was Mars
Or Hercules for his black A——
Theſe were ſtrange ſigns, and did betoken,
What e'er was after by him ſpoken.
'Twas well the wars were done before,
Loſt in Llwellin and Glendore.
Had Jones liv'd then, in vain th' aſſails
Of Saxons; Wales had ſtill been Wales.
Nay, had the Fates (but they deny'd,
For Jones had neither bairn nor bride)
Sav'd but his præpuce in Skink's fight,
That ſpoil'd his ſkirmiſhes by night,
No doubt an iſſue, not of's legs,
But of his loins, for he lov'd eggs,
Extremely to the very bowels,
Would have out Vavaſord the Powels:
Content us therefore with thoſe duels,
Which no man did, or very few elſe,
Related from his mouth: this Brit,
As Cæſar did, could he have writ,
What comments had he made? what ſtories
Of Iriſh wolves which now are Tories:
This Frontiſpiece alas! nay twenty,
As big as this had been too ſcanty,

The elephant and's Pego-man,
And Hobb on his Leviathan,
Nay, what ſo ere old Inigo
(His name-ſake) could have drawn for ſhow,
Had been too ſmall a ſcene; why then,
No more, it ſhrivels up my pen.

---

ON THE

*Wonderful Voyages of Captain* JONES.

READER, be ſtout and credulous, for he
Muſt have both courage and credulity,
That reads this Poem; and to have enough,
His ſoul ſhould be half Cheverell and half Buff:
For Jones ſuch things doth talk, and ſuch things do,
As far tranſcend all faith and reaſon too.
That antient Poets, that in former times,
Extoll'd their Heroes with undying Rhimes;
Muſt go to ſchool to learn of Jones, for he,
At once both made and writ all Chivalry.
There Homer and Achilles both muſt club
To make one ſtory, this muſt fight, that dub.
Which aſks Time, Charge and Danger; whilſt bold Jones,
Does without either raiſe, and kill at once;
*Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, if he liſt,
He could diſpute, as well as fight with fiſt.
With on Cuff-ſyllogiſm confute more men,
Than Wit or Reaſon could convince with ten.
'Mong all the Giants whom he robb'd of breath,
He has three ſignal Battles fought with Death,
While Fame, that ſtill hates living men, gave out,
That Jones was conquer'd; and to clear the doubt,
Employ'd

Employ'd the Wits with a lamenting pen,
In Epitaphs to kill him o'er again.
At which enrag'd he roſe, and ſwore they lye;
Jones is not dead; I ſwear Jones ſhall not dye.

A B.

---

*Upon Captain* JONES *relating his own Exploits.*

LO here great Captain Jones! in whom do dwell,
Both Mars and Mercury, Gods ſtout and fell;
Thou, thine own Trump, doſt with a valiant voice,
Both beat thy foes, and thy great conqueſts noiſe;
Thus thy Minerva lends thee ſpeech and ſhield,
Wherewith thou all things mak'ſt unto thee yield;
Ajax, Ulyſſes, both in thee agree,
Thy valour and thy tongue alike are free;
Great Alexander's envy would have ceaſt,
Nor would Achilles' fate have ſpoil'd his reſt,
Had but Jones's Poetry inſpir'd his ſoul,
To whom, the blind man Homer's but a fool;
Homer cou'd only his borrow'd fancy write,
Jones cou'd do more, both ſtrangely fain and fight
Cæſar of all the Worthy's moſt like thee,
He did both fight and tell's own Hiſtory.
Which yet compar'd with thy relation,
Seems but an old thread-bare narration;
So between both, how vaſt's the difference,
Jones doth all Cæſar's baffle, and all ſenſe.

I. V. Oxon.

*On the Same.*

AWAY with Fictions, ſhort of our ſtout man,
The Poet muſt now turn Hiſtorian;
His fights, his fights, his fights, his victories,
His conqueſts, his trophies, and yet no lies!
What wars were they when all each battle fell,
But Jones, and he ſurviv'd, his ſervices to tell!
When he relates the ſtory, an enemy
Truth fears to be, leſt in contending ſhe,
Too late learn due ſubjection; thus the tide
Forces the waters that would gently ſlide:
When our great Jones, had quite ſubdu'd the land,
He boldly puts to ſea; but here's a ſtand;
The ſea of ſuch an adverſary proud
To try'm, its waves into a ſtorm doth crowd.
Jones leaves his ſhip, he ſcorned ſuch a flood,
For he had often ſwam in ſtreams of blood;
He then ſuch tempeſts rais'd with arms and back,
That th' very ocean did fear a wreck.
Yet he would die, that th' ſhades might of him fear,
And learn, by mortals woe, great Jones to fear.

N. H.

---

*Upon the incomparable valiant, Captain* JONES.

WHEN I do read thy Travels, Jones, and ſee
Thy Fights, thy Victories, thy All, and Thee,
I ſtand engag'd 'twixt wonder and delight,
That I can neither think, nor ſpeak, nor write.
My faith thou puzzl'ſt, and invention too,
'Tis monſtrous ſtrange! but theſe things thou did'ſt
do;

Alcides,

Alcides, Hector, are out-done by thee,
Thy Hiſtory hath foil'd all Poetry.
Poor Hector! he by his own valour's loſt,
But thou ſurviv'ſt, and doſt thy triumphs boaſt.
Herc'les, we know, hath his Non ultra found,
But to thee, Jones, nor earth, nor ſea's a bound;
The world from eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth,
To eccho forth thy fame's but one wide mouth.
The earth, great Jones, grows fruitful in thy praiſe,
And all her care's to crown thy head with bays.
The ſea pays homage to thee, and roars out,
Brave Jones's name, who's greater far than Cnute.
Neptune to thee his trident doth reſign,
The whales cry out with trembling, We are thine;
And proud of thy command, they ſwell the main,
For thy great ſake thronging into a train;
Then Spain does yield to thy fierce heat; thy might
Proſtrates their doughty Don, Diego height;
Thy arms ſo toſs'd that vap'ring Admiral,
As if had nought been but a Tennis-ball.
Thou did'ſt Bears, Lions, and ſuch Monſters quell;
By thy ſtrong hand the ſturdy El'phant fell.
Ere the bright ſun peep'd from his eaſtern bed,
Eleven Kings before thy feet, brave Jones, lay dead.
What work would'ſt thou have made in one whole day,
Had'ſt thou but found for thy Killzadog play?
How ſuch exploits, ſo ſtrange, thou could'ſt archieve,
None ever yet could tell brave Jones, and live.
Poor mortals we! the Fates have thought it fit,
We ſhould in wonder ſpend our days and wit.

P. D. Ox.

HAVE

HAVE you not heard of Jones, that man of wonder,
That brought Don Dego and Mac-kill Cow under?
And when he had 'um there agreed, being wiſe,
To run away before that they ſhould riſe?
For 'tis a maxim; If youl'd be ſecure,
Still make the reliques of a conqueſt ſure:
Jones ſtill kill'd thoſe that fled, and only thoſe;
For ſuch tuff fellows as withſtood his blows
He ſcorn'd and ſpar'd; thinking it baſe to beat,
A ſtubborn enemy that won't retreat.

'Mongſt all thoſe bluſtering Sirs that I have read
(Whoſe greateſt wonder is that they are dead)
There's not any Knights, nor bold Atchiver's Name,
So much as Jones's in the Book of Fame:
They much of Greece's Alexander brag,
He'd put ten Alexanders in a bag:
Eleven fierce Kings, backt with two thouſand Louts,
Jones with a ragged troop beats all to clouts.
But ſure it was a conqueſt by compact,
For he could never be accus'd of fact:
And yet no ſtory a Romancer ſings,
That ere exploited more ſtupendous things;
Quixote a winged Giant once did kill,
That's but a flying tale, believ't who will:
This were but pretty hardſhip, Jones was one,
Would ſkin a flint, and eat him when h' had done.

Had Jones but been alive and ſeen the pudder,
Betwixt Briganza's Legate and Anſtrudder;
When the fierce Portugal in high bravado,
(Storming th' Exchange with piſtols and granado)
Put the poor Pego-mongers to a rout,
And their beloved Baubles flung about:
He'd not have fawn'd upon him like a ſpaniel,
Jones would have kickt the dog into the kennel;
And ſpight of darkneſs made his head ring noon,
For daring to pluck honour from the moon:

H' had

H' had died no other death, for furious Jones,
Once fleſh'd, would kill ten ſuch and make no
bones.
He once had an encounter with a lion,
(Though moſt believe he never durſt come nigh one)
But as the Author ſays, and I believe,
Both bravely fought, and many wounds did give
Each other, 'till the beaſt in woeful dumps
Worne out, (for Jones had fought him to his ſtumps)
In honour of his fall and Jones's glory,
Died with meer age, and there's an end of th' ſtory.
Many a tough adventure he hath had,
And like a true Knight Errant, ne'er a bad:
He foil'd great Aſdriaſduſt in the twink-
Ling of an eye, as eaſy as to drink:
And yet as tough, and dry a ſir, as ere was yok't
Unto a ſword (Jones often wiſht him chok't)
But yet of all the Giants that came nigh him,
There's Nerapenny ſtuck the longer by him;
For though his ſlender wounds made many doubt
him,
That threadbare Tearcoats he had ſtill about him;
And if they ſay he had not, he's bely'd,
For he had ne'er a penny when he dy'd.
Jones had a valiant ſtomach, and would eat,
As well as fight, provided he had meat,
Elſe patience upon force took place, for Jones
Kept many faſting days, and made no bones.
But I'd not have you think it was for want;
For when he had no money, nor provant,
The fowl flew to his table, and the fiſh
Left the cold ſtream, and ſwam into his diſh.
'Tis an old Proverb, (like to like they ſay)
Jones was a Cod's-head too as well as they.
But Jones, like a diſeaſe, both ſexes ſmites;
For he wounds Ladies too as well as Knights:

He

He was ſo trim a youth, the Queen of No-land,
Thought him ſome Princely Shaver come from
Poland;
And ſo he prov'd indeed, for by Guds duds,
He moſt unkindly left her in the Suds;
Jones like a Wiſeacre begg'd to be ſpar'd,
For he had No-land, nor for No-land car'd:
If any ask you wherein lay his Grace?
Venus lov'd Mars his Truncheon not his face.

To wind up all, Fame's Trump his Deeds doth
tell,
Although a ſow-gelder's would do't as well.

W. T.

THE

The Wonderful and Surprizing

# VOYAGES

OF

## CAPTAIN JONES

## TO PATAGONIA.

I Sing thy arms (Bellona) and the Man's,
Whoſe mighty deeds out-did great Tamberlan's:
Thy trump, dire goddeſs, ſend, that I may thunder,
Some wond'rous ſtrain, to ſpeak this man of wonder.
When fates decreed that Captain Jones ſhould be
The life and death of men, they could not ſee
A place more ſuiting to bring forth this mirror,
Of martial ſpirits, this thunder-crack of terror,
Than ſome vaſt mountain's womb, whoſe rigid rocks
Might form him, and foreſhew the hardy knocks
Which he ſhould give and take: nor were they nice
To think it baſe, that mountains bring forth mice;
Since from a Britiſh mount, and Mars's ſtones,
They ſent this man of men, 'ſtern Captain Jones.
Wild maresmilk nurs'd him on the mountain's gorſe,
Which gave him ſtrength and ſtomach like a horſe;

Goats fleſh matur'd him, kill'd on craggy tops,
Which taught him to mount rampiers like thoſe
rocks.
Ere eighteen winters fully waxen were,
This imp of Mars began to do and dare.
With Reymond, a ſtout brother of the ſword,
He firſt attempted ſea, and went abroad;
Two hundred ſtrong, for the Eaſt Indies bound,
Fame was the only prize he ſought or found.
Twice twenty days auſpicious waves and winds
Lull'd them: then Æolus and Neptune joins
To work great Jones's fall. Envy and ire,
To ſee him more than man, made them conſpire:
Rough Boreas whiſtled to the dancing ſhip,
The boiſterous billows ſtrove to over-ſkip
The bounding veſſel. In this great diſaſter,
Reymond, the ſoldiers, mariners and maſter,
Loſt heart and heed to rule; then up ſtarts Jones,
Calls for ſix gills, drinks them off at once.
Thus arm'd at all points, yet as light as feather,
He aſcends, and drew, and piſs'd againſt the weather;
And are we born (my hearts, quoth he) to die?
Shall we deſcend? Thy immortality,
Neptune, thou muſt reſign, if I come thither:
One ſea may not contain us both together.
Nor waves, nor winds, could fright him with the
motion,
Who thought he could contain and piſs an ocean.
His fatal Smiter thrice aloft he ſhakes,
And frowns; the ſea and ſhip and canvaſs quakes:
Then from the hatches he deſcends, and ſtept
Into his cabin, drank again, and ſlept.
When theſe rough gods beheld him thus ſecure,
And arm'd againſt them, like a man pot-ſure;
They ſtint vain ſtorms; and ſo Monſtrifera *
(So hight the ſhip) touch'd about Florida;

Upon

* The name of his ſhip.

Upon a desart island call'd Crotona,
Where savage beasts and serpents live alone:
Here Joneswhoneedswouldland,tho'Reymondswore
Danger was in't; he laugh'd and leap'd ashore.
Danger (quoth he) to them whom danger fright,
My heart was fram'd to dare, my hands to fight.
Some six and thirty more put forth to ground,
These for fresh food, he for adventure bound;
They limit their return when three hours ends,
Which Reymond, with the ship, at sea attends.
These sea-sick soldiers, rang hills, woods, and vallies,
Seeking provant to fill their empty bellies;
Jones goes alone, where fate prepar'd to meet him,
With such a prey as did unfriendly greet him;
A bear as black as darkness, and as fell
As tyger, vast as the black dog of hell,
Runs at him open jaw'd, so fierce, so fast,
That he no leisure had to draw for haste.
* Kilzadog, his good sword, with fist he aim'd,
Alarm'd, a blow which sure the bear had brain'd;
But that between her yawning teeth it dings,
The gauntlet there stuck fast, his hands he wrings,
Unarm'd, unarm'd from thence; her foremost paws,
The bear on Jones's shoulder claps, and gnaws
The gauntlet wedg'd between her teeth: Jones
claspd her
With both his arms, and strove by force to cast her.
And here they try a pluck, and grasp, and tug,
And foam; but Jones who knew the Cornish hug,
Heaves her a foot from footing, swings her round,
And with a short turn hurls her on the ground;
Then came his good sword forth to act his part,
Which pierc'd skin, ribs, and riffe, and rove her
heart.
The head (his trophy) from the trunk he cuts,
And with it back unto the shore he struts,



* The name of his sword.

Where Reymond was appointed to attend
His and the reſts return: but he (falſe friend)
When they were once on ſhore and out of ſight,
Hoiſt ſails to ſea, and took himſelf to flight.
Here Jones found fraud in man, and deeply ſwears
Revenge on Reymond's head, the reſt he cheers;
All ſafe return'd, but all in deſperation,
To ſee themſelves left there to deſolation:
Nor grain, nor ground, but wild; nor man, nor beaſt,
But ſavage; yet (O ſtrange) here Jones doth feaſt
His ſix and thirty daily, 'twas with fiſhes,
Toſt from his halbert's point into their diſhes;
Wherewith he took them ſtanding on the ſhore
Out of the ocean; whether 'twas the ſtore,
Frequenting this unpeopled coaſt, or whether,
To ſee this wond'rous man they ſhoal'd together;
And ſo aſtoniſh'd, yield themſelves a prey,
To him from whom they durſt not ſwim away.
Be't ſo, or ſo, I'll not decide, but I
Know Jones tells this for truth, who knows no lye.
Thus from his weapon's point, nine months they fed,
Till fate Sir Richard Greenfield thither led;
Who to America tranſports, with Jones,
His ſix and thirty fiſh-fed Mermidons.
To Inſip were they brought and left; oh then
'Twas time, had they had meat, to play the men:
Their firſt encounter there with famine was,
A dry and deſart ſoil, nor grain, nor graſs,
Nor drink, but water had they here, nor bread,
For thrice twelve months, but caves for houſe and bed.
Such living as that country could afford,
Bold Jones was forc'd to win by dint of ſword.
* Eleven fierce Kings poſſeſs the fertile tract
Of this great coaſt, who all their powers compact
To vanquiſh Jones: a brave attempt, 'tis true,
Yet more than twice eleven fierce Kings could do.

Two

* Captain Jones encounters with the giants Aſtiriaſduſt.

Two thouſand choice and doughty men they choſe,
To bid him battle, arm'd with darts and bows,
And arrows fathom long, well barb'd with bone,
Of ſome ſtrange fiſh, which pierc'd through ſteel and ſtone;
And thus they came prepar'd. When they drew near him,
He brought his ſoldiers forth, and thus did cheer them;
My five and twenty friends (for only thoſe
Had fate and famine left) theſe darts and bows,
Are fit to deal with fearful Crows and Daws;
But us, whoſe hearts of oak and empty maws,
Hunger's ſharp dart hath pierc'd (and yet we ſtand
To fright and foil our foes with ſword in hand)
Theſe weapons cannot conquer, nor the number
Were they two thouſand ſuch as John-a-Cumber.
Doth hunger bite you? bite your foes as faſt,
Eat theſe men-eaters (ſoldiers) kill and taſte.
Would you gain glory? kill by ſix and ſeven,
If crowns of Kings, then here behold eleven.
And this he ſpake and drew. With ſtomach fierce
They give the firſt aſſault. Now for a verſe,
To ſpeak great Jones's deeds, who headlong goes
Amongſt the thickeſt ranks, cuts, kills, and throws,
Some by the legs, ſome by the waſte he makes
Shorter; another by the lock he takes,
Reaps off his head, wherewith he brains another,
Then at one ſtroke, kills father, ſon, and brother;
Few 'ſcap'd with life, but ſtrangely; happy thoſe,
Which 'ſcap'd with loſs of half a face or noſe.
Nor may I paſs his men, who cut and ſlaſh,
Like thoſe that fought for life, not crowns or caſh.
Want made them ſeem (which ſure their foes diſmaid)
The very ſons of death whoſe parts they play'd;
The Inſips now no aim can take aright,
They think each foe they meet, a mighty ſpright;

And ſo they fly. Six Kings he took, and kill'd,
Five, with eight hundred ſoldiers left the field;
Twelve hundred fell: for thoſe that went off ſafe,
Their heels and not their hearts the praiſe he gave.
Unto their fulleſt towns, when he had kill'd them,
He brought his ragged regiment, and fill'd them.
Here on the river of Mengog they find,
A wear with fiſh of wond'rous growth and kind,
Where with a thouſand herrings they were fed,
All two foot long beſides the tail and head.

Here ſome may aſk, what came of all the wealth,
(For Jones brought nothing home beſides himſelf)
This conqueſt gain'd, ſure many precious things,
Muſt needs attend the death of ſix ſuch Kings?
I anſwer briefly; his heroick deſire
Aſcends above earth excrements as fire:
Nor can deſcend to crowns. The ſoldiers found
Much wealth, which in their home-return was drown'd.

Still fortune favours Jones. Amidſt this river,
He ſpies a ſail directly bearing thither;
He calls, and finds them Engliſh, homeward bound,
Who for freſh water thruſt into the Sound.
With theſe his men and he for England comes,
Had England known it, all her guns and drums
Had been too little to expreſs her joy,
As when victorious Hector enter'd Troy;
Yet ere he can attain his native coaſt,
Æneas-like he muſt be tir'd and toſt
With ſtorms, till meat and water wax'd ſo ſcant,
That Jones drank nought but piſs one week for want.
At laſt when they had caſt out all their goods,
(To ſave themſelves) into the furious floods;
The ſhip all bruis'd with ſands, and ſtorms, and ſtones,
At Ipſwich doth diſburthen the ſea of Jones.
England ſalutes him with the general joys,
Of court and country, knights, 'ſquires, fools and boys.

In

In every town rejoice at his arrival,
The townſmen where he comes their wives do ſwive all;
And bid them think on Jones amidſt this glee,
In hope to get ſuch roaring boys as he:
Others this joy, into a fury rapp'd,
To ſing his praiſe, though elegant and apt;
Yet mix'd with fictions, which he ſcorns. 'Tis known
Jones fancies no additions but his own;
Nor need we ſtir our brains for glorious ſtuff
To paint his praiſe, himſelf hath done enough;
And hath preſcrib'd that I ſhould write no more,
Than his good memory hath kept in ſtore,
Of what he did. Perhaps he hath or can
Do more, but hides it like a modeſt man.
His Britiſh expedition makes me hie
From his vagary to his chivalry.
This Dukedom's confines pointing on the ſouth,
Great Keeper Caſtle guards on Morlig's mouth;
Which key of Britain's (like Great Britain's Dover)
Was well-nigh loſt by ſiege till Jones went over,
To dye or raiſe it; 'twas begirt by land
With fifteen thouſand. Four tall ſhips withſtand
All ſuccours from the ſea: againſt this force,
He goes as boldly as an eyeleſs horſe,
With one ſmall bark (the Shit-fire 'twas) a hot one,
And ſave a hundred men was with him not one:
But theſe were Welch blades, born for hacks and hewing,
And car'd not what they did ſo they were doing.
Thus like ſome tempeſts theſe four ſhips he frightens,
His guns roar thunder whilſt his powder lightens;
And from his broad-ſide pours a ſhower of hail,
Which rakes them through and through, ribs, maſts, and ſail.

Their

Their ſhot replies, but they were rank'd too high,
To touch the Pinnace, which bears up ſo nigh;
And plays ſo hot, that her opponents think,
Some devil is grand captain of the Pink.
One Engliſh pirate with them, whilſt he watches
His time to ſhoot, 'ſpies Jones upon the hatches;
And cries out, Ho, hoiſt canvaſs all at once,
And fly, or yield; Zounds it is Captain Jones:
The man ſwore reaſon, and 'twas quickly heard,
For, not a bullet, like that name was fear'd;
They fly, he follows, but a partial wind,
And wings of fear ſav'd them, left him behind.
To Kemper he returns him, and ſupplies it
With fifty men, and victuals to ſuffice it
Six months: the foes by land loſe hope and heart
To oppoſe this new ſupply, and ſo depart:
Then on the gate this title was ingraved,
Jones reſcued Kemper, and the Dukedom ſaved.
Thus plum'd with laurel, Jones for England came,
Where George of Cumberland rapp'd with his fame;
Woos him to be vice-general of his fleet,
Which Jones vouchſaf'd, becauſe he was to meet
Men like himſelf, the doughty Dons of Spain,
Whoſe honour (or loſe all) he vow'd to gain.
And better fate in this deſign he wiſhed not,
Than to cope ſingle with their great Don Quixote.
Stay Muſe and bluſh, and ſigh and ſing no more,
Here Jones's miſtreſs, Fortune, play'd the whore.
Yet, whilſt thou loath'd her lightneſs to rehearſe,
Let indignation make thee chide in verſe;
Ah deity! and blindly to go on ſo,
From thy dear minion Jones, to John D'Alonſo,
Whoſe out and inſide is no better mettle
Than an old drum, or a baſe tinker's kettle.
And tak'ſt thou him for Jones? that glorious boy,
Whom Venus' ſelf would kiſs (were Mars away.)
Well fickle goddeſs, if thou be divine,
I'll ſwear, heaven hath like earth, light feminine.

'Twas

'Twas thus; this fleet cut through the weſtern main,
And ſo lay hovering on the coaſt of Spain:
Jones led the front (as 'twas his cuſtom ſtill)
The firſt in fight, laſt to be kill'd or kill:
His ſhip went ſwifteſt too, as did his mind
On honour's wings: but, oh! an envious wind
Fill'd all his ſail, and wrap'd him in a miſt
From being ſeen, or ſeeing, ere he wiſt.
And thus he loſt his train, and caſt about,
And beat theſe ſeas five days to find them out;
'Till in his queſt it was his fate to meet,
Don John D'Alonſo with the Spaniſh fleet.
This general bid amain, and Jones defy'd
From cannon's mouth. The Don again reply'd
" With four for one. Ah Jones, had I my wiſh,
" Some godhead ſhould have turn'd thee to a fiſh,
" To eſcape this dire aſſault; thou ſhould'ſt not then,
" Be taken like a tame beaſt in thy den."
Nine thouſand ſoldiers was the force that fought
This day with Jones, whom ſix huge gallies brought,
The ſtouteſt boats to make a bold bravado,
That were in Spain's Invincible Armado:
Jones firſt commands his men to take their victual,
He ſoldier-like drank much, and pray'd a little;
Then tells them briefly, here's no place to fly,
Come friends, let's bravely live or bravely die.
By this the gallies had inclos'd him round,
And ſought to board him; but they quickly found,
The ſhip too hot to grapple with ſo ſoon,
And ſo bore off again, and paid her room.
Then each by turn preſent her the broad-ſide,
Which ſhe repaid with int'reſt, and ſo ply'd,
That where her bullets pierce, whole ſtreams of blood
Spout through the gallies ribs, and dye the flood;
The foes diſdain thus long to ſtand in fight
'Gainſt one, and ſo preſs on with all their might:
And now the ſtorm grew hot, and deep in blood,
" Mad rage had got the place where reaſon ſtood:"

Guns, drums, and trumpets ſtop the ſoldiers ears,
From hearing cries and groans; and fury rears
This fatal combat to ſo ſtrange a height,
That higher powers expreſs th' effects of fright.
Great Neptune quak'd and roar'd, clouds ran and piſt,
The winds fell down, and Titan lurk'd in miſt.
Then belch huge bullets forth, ſmoak, fire, and thunder;
Their fury ſtrikes the gods with fear and wonder.
One galley which two hundred ſlaves did row,
Affront the ſhip in hope to bulge her prow.
Jones gave her leave; but when ſhe once came nigh,
One burſt his murd'ring ſhot; here doom'd to die,
Down dropp'd the brave viceroy of Saint Iago,
Don Diego de Cordona and Gonzago.
Stones, chains, and bullets tare their paſſage out
Through men and galley, which ſoon tack'd about
In hope to get aloof; but Jones ſent after
Two lucky ſhots, which light 'twix wind and water.
" In crept the quaking billow, where he ſpy'd
" Thoſe holes, in hope its fearful head to hide;
" The galley like afraid, worſe hurt, doth creep
" Into the trembling bowels of the deep;
" And ſo ſhe ſunk." Thus Diego, whilſt he try'd
His force with Jones, with fifteen hundred dy'd.
Now Jones all breathleſs ſat to take his breath
Upon a butt of ſack, and drank the death
Of Don John de Alonſo, which his men,
Pledge in a rowſe, and ſo they fight agen.
Nineſcore there were, but threeſcore now remain
To do or ſuffer, for the reſt were ſlain.
The Spaniſh force diſtract 'twixt hope and fear,
Yet by their fellows fall forewarn'd, forbear
This hot aſſault, keep diſtance, and at Jones
Let fly their ſhot at random all at once,
Some half a cable ſhort, and ſome flew o'er
The top-ſail, ſome the ſtern and rudder tore:

One,

One, all the reſt in fatal fury paſt,
And all to ſhivers rove the maſter maſt,
Down fell the tackle, and the veſſel lay,
An Engliſh priſon and a Spaniſh prey.
Starboard and larboard-ſide, from poop to prow,
They all let drive, and rak'd her through and through.
All now but Jones and one man more were kill'd,
Who cry'd, Now fight and die, or live and yield.
Jones kill'd the firſt, the latter he beſought him,
Upon his knees, whilſt by the knees he caught him
Begging for life, a bullet took away
His head, which when 'twas off ſtill ſeem'd to pray;
Out flew the head and bullet both at once,
Between the manly thighs of captain Jones:
Who look'd behind him, art thou gone (quoth he)
Still may they die ſo, that cry yield to me.
Now nought to him but blood and death appear'd,
Death was his wiſh, captivity he fear'd;
Which to prevent * Kil-za-dog forth he drew,
And thus he ſpake, Brave Cato, Cato ſlew.
And when victorious Brutus could not ſtand,
He fell, but by his own victorious hand.
Brutus, I am a Brute, and have thy ſpirit,
Thy fortune and ſelf-death I will inherit.
Thus ſaid, his ſword unto his ſide he plies,
Which his good genius ſtays and thus replies:
Hold, Jones, reſerv'd for thy country's good,
Born to ſhed hoſtile, not thy home-bred blood,
And know that ſelf-death is the coward's curſe,
For, he that dies ſo, dies for fear of worſe;
The time will come when Iriſh bogs ſhall quake
Under thy feet, whilſt great O'Neale doth ſhake.
I may not on thy future deeds dilate,
Thy ſword muſt right what is involv'd in fate;
This know, in thy old age thou ſhalt impart,
Unto thy country's youth thy martial art;



* This ſword he won from the great and fearful giant Nereapeny.

Teach them to manage arms, and how they muſt
Make bright their ſwords, which peace hath
wrapp'd in ruſt.
Now Jones vouchſaf'd to live, not for himſelf,
But for his country's good and common wealth;
His ſcarlet cap he dons, with crimſon plume,
And he aſcends the hatches all in fume.
The muſqueteers ambitiouſly deſire
To hit this mark, and all at once give fire:
Some bullets raze his plume, his hair, his noſe,
His velvet jerkin, and his ſattin hoſe,
(The ſcars may yet be ſeen) yet draws he breath,
Fearleſs and harmleſs in the jaws of death.
The Spaniard now conjectur'd his intent,
By ſeeking death t'avoid impriſonment,
And ſo forbore to ſhoot, drew near and ſought
To take the prey, which they ſo dear had bought.
Then Jones all raging throws into the main,
That ſword which men and wolves and bears had
ſlain,
That ſword which erſt had drank the blood of kings,
Into the bowels of the deep he flings.
The ocean thrill'd for fear, and gave it place,
And greedy Neptune ſnatch'd it for his mace.
Then from the ſhip he leaps amongſt his foes,
And ſo undaunted to Don John he goes,
Who bid him live, Don-like, but gave him breath,
Only to breathe in greater pains than death
This ſhock had ſent to Styx ſix thouſand men,
Whoſe ſouls Don John to ſatisfy again,
Inflicts more ſervile puniſhments on Jones,
Than countervails ſix thouſand deaths at once.
He beds on boards, is fed with bits and knocks,
Ape-like, barefoot, with neither ſhoes nor ſocks.
Hair ſhirt, blue bonnet, made a ſervile knave,
A louſy, duſty, naſty galley ſlave.
At laſt he brings Jones to the Spaniſh king,
And ſays: Great monarch, ſee this precious thing;

Six thouſand of your braveſt men he coſt,
Who to gain him alive, their lives have loſt,
Nor think the bargain dear, for here's a man,
Can do and ſay more than your viceroys can.
This praiſe was given him by the crafty Don,
For fear his loſs ſeem'd more than what he won;
And ſo it did indeed, for Philip thought,
Jones' inſide by his outſide dearly bought.
To try he aſks him, whither bound, and whence
He was; and Jones replies, with little ſenſe,
Whether through fear or faining, he affords,
To all the king demands, not three wiſe words.
To try him further, in a goal they caſt him,
Which ſerv'd for nothing but to ſtink and faſt in.
And here it was his deſtiny to light
Upon a learned prieſt, a jeſuit:
With him falls Jones to work. The ſacred word
His weapon was, for he had drown'd his ſword.
Their queſtion was of purgatory, where,
And whether 'tis at all, if ſo, 'tis here
(Quoth Jones.) For he half tir'd with pains would needs
Go ſtraight to heaven: And thus the queſtion breeds.
Jones was no ſchoolman, yet he bore a brain,
Which ne'er forgot what ere it could contain.
Yet this old prieſt ſo wreſts the letters ſenſe,
Equivocates, denies plain conſequence,
Starts to and fro, and raiſeth ſuch confuſions,
That Jones' chief ward was to deny concluſions:
But, do this ſubtil ſchoolman what he can,
Such was the vigour of this martial man,
Though he was no good diſputant or text-man,
Nor knew to ſpell Amen, to ſerve a ſexton;
Yet truth, with confidence and his ſtrong fiſt,
Doth firſt convince, and then convert the prieſt.
Some talk of Garnets ſtraw and Lipſius laſſes,
Whoſe miracles made many artiſts aſſes;

But here's a miracle tranſcends them all,
An artiſt made wiſe by a natural.
Now England's court rings all of Jones his fetters,
And men of rank were ſoon ſent o'er with letters,
To ranſom him for gold, or man for man,
On any terms. The King with many a Don
Conſults upon this point: one thought it fit
To deal upon exchange; ſome better wit,
Thought it more fit to keep this ſecond Drake,
For ſo he term'd him wiſely, and thus ſpake;
Armies are England's arm, Captains the hand,
Of this ſtrong arm that rules by ſea and land:
And of this arm and hand I think in ſum,
This captive Captain is the very thumb.
This ſpeech was ſhort and ſound, but could not go ſo,
Without th' oppoſing of old Don Mendozo;
Who lov'd and favour'd Jones, but knew not why,
(Nature it ſeems had wrought ſome ſympathy.)
Pardon (quoth he) dread Sovereign, are we come,
To talk of arms and hands and Captain Thumb?
From Eaſt to Weſt our arms and armies reign,
And fear we now for one to re-obtain,
So many viceroys in the iſle captiv'd,
For us, of light and almoſt life depriv'd;
Were Drake's and Candiſh ſpirit in this dragon,
Let not their future times have this to brag on,
That England's Queen did prize one Captain more,
Than Spain's great Monarch did his twenty-four.
His ſpeech prevail'd, and ſo they all atone,
And twenty-four were aſk'd and given for one;
All which had led great armies to the field,
And never knew but once, what 'twas to yield.
And thus was Jones diſmiſs'd; yet ere he go,
The King to grace him, made him kiſs his toe.
Long may'ſt thou live old man, and may thy tongue
And memory, as thou grow'ſt old, wax young:
Then wilt thou live in ſpite of time, and be
Time's ſubject, and time thine t' emblazon thee.

Pardon my forward Muſe, ſtriving to ſoar,
A pitch with thee at mid-day tir'd, gives o'er;
For, who can ſpeak thee all (thou mighty man!)
Not Greece's Homer, nor Rome's Mantuan.
Thy Iriſh wars, thy taking great Tyrone,
Whole herds of wolves kill'd there by thee alone,
Thy ſeveral ſingle duels with fierce men,
And bears, all ſlain; and that dry journey, when
Thou drank'ſt but what thou piſs'd for thrice ſeven days,
Which made thee dry ere ſince, then th' amorous ways,
The Queen of No-land us'd to make thee King
Of her and hers (Oh!) many a precious thing.
Thy London widow next in love half drown'd,
Which thou refus'd'ſt with forty thouſand pound:
Thy daunting Eſſex in his raſh bravado,
Raleigh's hard 'ſcaping of thy baſtinado:
Laſtly, thy grace with thy great Queen Eliza,
Who, had'ſt thou had the learning to ſuffice a
Man, but to write and read, had made thee able,
To ſit in council at her Highneſs' ſtable.
Theſe trophies of thy fame, and myriads more,
Kept by thy fertile brain for time in ſtore,
I leave unſung, and wiſh they may be writ,
In golden lines by ſome more happy wit,
Whoſe genius, 'till ſome fury doth inſpire,
Let me ſit down in ſilence, and admire.

## *A copious Commendation of a* RED NOSE.

LET him that undertook to praiſe
The French pox, and ſo many ways
Did prove that it is now-a-days
Commodious:

I ſay, let him a while give place,
For I will prove, a fiery face
Is to the owner no diſgrace,
Nor odious.

Who hath a fiery face, that man
Is ſaid to have a rich face, an
Rubies about his noſe, none can
Deny it.

And all men know as well as I,
That what is rich, moſt eagerly
We covet, and no coſt deny
To buy it.

Some have their cloathes ſold from their back,
And ſome their lands, and ſome will lack
Meat, rather than good ſherry, ſack
And claret.

And they ſwear (and ſwear truth) that thoſe
Which drink ſmall beer, and wear good cloathes,
Do offer wrong unto their noſe,
And marr it.

If in Rome's ſenate long-nos'd men
Were choſe for wiſeſt, tell me then,
Why theſe ſhould not be praiſed, when
All men know,

A fiery face ne'er is without
A rich noſe: and how far a ſnout
That's rich exceeds a long to doubt,
Or call men to
Diſpute

Diſpute or to capitulate,
This matter's not ſo intricate,
But any may expoſtulate,
And judge it:

And if judge truly he'll confeſs,
Fire-rich, exceeds long wiſe, I gueſs,
No man that hath true worthineſs
Will grudge it.

Beſides, the world knows this, that we
Affirm thoſe gracious that we ſee
But bluſh, and call it modeſty
In people.

A rich face always bluſhes, ſo
It doth all faces elſe out go,
As far as St. Faith's is below
Paul's ſteeple.

He that reads this, and does not ſay,
A fiery face hath won the day,
In judgment ſhews himſelf a boy,
And heedleſs.

Nor will I ſpend more words to ſhew,
What commendation men do owe
To Captain Jones his face, you know,
'Tis needleſs.

# To the READER.

READER, read on: here you may happ'ly meet
News, pleaſing more, than what's cried in your ſtreet.
Jones is reviv'd; ne'er ſtart; the danger's paſt;
What he hath done long ſince, now makes him laſt.
His laſt brave actions never ſung before,
We offer to your view, nor write we more
Than he made good on oath: then, pray, believe
What here you'll find: thus by your faith he'll live.
Next, ſpare your cenſure on his Poet's ſtile;
Had it gone high, his ghoſt had kept a quoil
To be ſurmounted: down-right were his blows;
Down-right his ſpeech, down-right to's grave he goes.
Onely his fame by your opinion may
Make him ſtill live, though now he's duſt or clay.

The

The Wonderful and Surprizing

# VOYAGES

OF

## CAPTAIN JONES

## TO PATAGONIA.

### PART II.

WILL nothing pleaſe the taſte of theſe
rough times,
But rue and wormwood ſtuft in proſe
or rhimes?
No verſe to make our Poet's Laureate,
But ſmart Iambicks laſhing King or State?
Muſt all turn Mercuries, theſe times to fit,
By poiſoning Fame with their quick-ſilver wit?
That name that's got by ſome notorious ill,
And merit gives, is hateful to our quill.
But if the laſt brave acts of Captain Jones,
Which can move mirth and fear, and break no bones,
May be admitted in this ruffling age,
Behold him here re-mounted on our ſtage.
Yet know we ſtill are ty'd to our low ſtrain;
We muſt not once tranſcend his down-right vein.

And if you meet ought favouring of a lye,
(Reader believe't) 'tis Jones that ſpeaks, not I.
We left him priz'd on Change, too dear 'twas thought,
* Twenty-four Dons, and all not worth a groat,
Compar'd to him, though each had had command
Over great armies, preſs'd for ſea and land.
Here ſee him ſhipp'd for his dear native coaſt;
Where e'er he comes you'll find he'll rule the roaſt,
With new found foes, who attempt his force to ſhake;
But ſleeping lions 'tis not wiſe to wake.
Now once more Neptune doth his waves inlarge,
Swoln big with pride, that fate had giv'n him charge,
And weighty convoy of this mighty man
To whence he came: but ere the ſhip had ran
Ten glaſſes out, comes Boreas with a cloud
As black as ink; the ſteers-man cries aloud,
Down with the top-ſail, keep the ſprit-ſail tight,
Hail the main bowling. Whilſt this maſk of light,
Uſher'd with light'ning plows the angry deep,
High as her ſelf in ridges, and as ſteep
As Cair's † tall pyramids: the labouring ſhip,
Like a chaf'd bear with maſtives, ſtrives to keep
Her beak aloft; ſome billows ſhe breaks through,
Others mount over her at poop and prow.
Jones heard this ſtir unmov'd: from Neptune ſtill
He hop'd no good, nor ever fear'd his ill.
Thus whilſt the careful ſea-men work and pray,
He careleſs, to his cabin calls his boy,
And makes him read to him the ancient ſtories
Of our old Engliſh worthies, and their glories;
How our St. George did the fell dragon gore;
The like atchievement of Sir Eglemore:
Topas ‡ hard queſt after th' elf-queen to Berwicke:
St. Bevis cow, and Guy's fierce boar of Warwick.

* Twenty-four Spaniſh commanders given in exchange for him.

† Large mountains in Wales.

‡ Sir Topas, rhime in Chaucer.

Theſe ſtories read, exalt his haughty mind,
Above the ſervile fear of ſea or wind;
The ſhip's hard ſtate grew now from ill to worſe;
Between two hideous ſeas acroſs her courſe,
Her whole bulk groans; her beak and main-maſt
break.
Shook with this ſhock, ſhe ſprings a dangerous leak:
Which her ſly foe ſoon finds, and to begin
Like a dire dropſy, drenches all within.
Thus whilſt a treacherous in-mate fills her womb,
She's forc'd to be her own deſtructions tomb.
And overburthen'd with what bore her before,
She's down-right founder'd, and can work no more.
Here might be ſeen the ſad effects of fear,
Which ſeveral ways in ſeveral men appear:
Some cry'd, ſome pray'd, whilſt others ſwear or rave,
To leave the land to make the ſea their grave.
Jones ſwoln with the brave actions of his knights,
Big as the ſea, aſcends and Neptune cites
To ſingle combat: when a boiſterous wave,
Which Neptune ſent to make him Neptune's ſlave,
Whirls him a cable's length to ſea, the ſhip
Sinks with the reſt, who give this world the ſlip.
Well now, Sir Jones, 'tis time to ſhew your ſkill;
You muſt ſwim ſtoutly for't, or drink your fill.
No danger frights thee, thou brave man of merit,
Thy body is buoy'd up by thy blow'n ſpirit.
As a grim * ſea-calf ſtill preſaging ſtorms,
Wallows and wantons in cold Thetis arms:
Juſt ſuch is Jones: as if he had been bred,
With her finn'd fry within her watry bed.
No ſhip for help, no land for hope appears;
Horror of billows roaring in his ears.
Nothing ſupports but confidence alone, as
If ſome preſs'd whale muſt take up Jones like Jonas.
At laſt (alas!) he finds he is no fiſh,
His ſpirit 'gins to leave his treacherous fleſh.

* Always portending ſtorms when they are ſeen to play.

Con-

Continual labouring makes his limbs wax ſtark
And ſtiff with cold, his optic ſenſe grows dark;
Neptune inſults, and brandiſhing his mace,
Makes his rude billows daſh him o'er the face.
Now ſee the fate of noble reſolution,
When Jones thought nothing but of diſſolution,
Man's conſtant friend a gentle Dolphin * glides
Between his thighs, on whom he mounts, and rides
In poſt with mighty ſpeed, through wind and weather;
So his kind fiſh holds out he cares not whither;
Like a bold centaur bravely he curvets
From ridge to ridge; 'twas ſtrange, how faſt he ſits
In this rough road; but Jones learn'd from his cradle
To ride without a ſtirrup or a ſaddle;
When on the mountain's tops wild mares he 'ſpied,
He ſuck'd them dry, and then ſtraight up and ride.
At laſt at this high ſpeed he gets the ſight
Of land, ſo near, he's ready to alight,
When his kind fiſh much griev'd to leave the burthen
She lov'd ſo well, to ſea again doth turn
With mighty ſpeed, ſtill Jones doth her beſtride,
Believing now he ſhould to th' India's ride.
Fain would he turn her, but he knew not how,
He never knew a bridle's want till now:
At laſt the faithful fiſh preferring higher,
Her rider's ſafety than her own deſire,
She turns her courſe about with happy haſte,
And ſo our errant knight on land ſhe caſt.
Some Spaniſh writers flatly do deny
He ſuffer'd wreck, and plainly term't a lye:
They ſay the ſhip that led this dangerous dance,
Was built by Lewis, King Henry's ſon of France,

* The Dolphin is always obſerved to be a lover of man.

And

And took that name from him, who bears that
name *,
As eldeſt ſon, who ſtill is ſtil'd the ſame:
They write Jones got this ground t' augment his
glory,
And cheat the world with this ſtupendious ſtory;
But let the reader judge if this be true,
And know pale envy ſtill doth worth purſue.
Well now to Jones again, we may conceive,
He was not ill apaid to take his leave
Of this rough element: nor did account it
Much worſe to go on foot, than ride ſo mounted.
'Tis true, he rode this lofty fiſh in ſtate,
But 'twas too near the boiſterous fit of fate;
He fear'd not fortune nor her wheel, tho' fickle,
Yet loth he was to be laid up in pickle;
Or that his manly limbs ſhould be a feaſt
For ſharks, or crabs, or congers to digeſt.
His next work is to find ſome habitation,
Tho' he came ſafely there, 'twas in mean faſhion,
The ſelf-ſame cloathes which when Alonſo brav'd
him,
He made him wear, and to the galley ſlav'd him.
And tho' this laſt foul ſtorm had little harm'd him,
It ſeem'd to ſome ſtrange thing to have transform'd
him
Rigid and rough, long wet and felter'd locks,
Like Babel's King, when turn'd into an ox †:
For a freſh-water ſoldier none could doubt him,
The ſea's ſalt tears ran trickling round about him.
In this cold plight he leaves the beachy ſtrand,
And coaſts the main with many a weary ſtand.
At laſt he ſpies a houſe, not great, but good;
For here he finds a brother of his brood,
Who had adventur'd in thoſe ways before,
And rais'd ſome fortune by't, and gave it o'er.

* The eldeſt ſon of the King of France always ſtiled the Dolphin.

† Nebuchadnezzar.

He

He quickly finds that Jones had 'ſcap'd ſome wreck;
Experience, charity, and pity ſpeak
On this behalf; the good man bids him in,
And, with Y'are kindly welcome, doth begin.
He ſpoke in Dutch, which gladded Jones, for he
Could ſpeak as well as * *Grace dw worth awhee.*
Which language a Dutch pilot well had taught him,
When Greenfield to America had brought him.
By this, the Stove's made ready, in goes Jones;
Dries his wet garments, comforts nerves and bones.
The table's ſet with homely wholeſome cheer,
And to make all compleat, ſtrong Lubeck beer.
A Dutch froe was his mate, more fat than fair,
But wond'rous free, and there to debonair.
Which made Jones aſk, What country 'twas that gave,
This noble welcome to her humble ſlave?
He's anſwer'd, 'Tis the Netherlands, the States
Brave ſeat of war, where many broken pates
Are got and given, and for his wants ſupply,
The good ſtrong town of Fluſhing ſtood faſt by,
Where Sir John Norris did command in chief,
For England's glory and the State's relief.
This tickled Jones with joy; for Horace Vere,
Norris, and he had been (I know not where)
Comrades in arms, ere Jones did entertain,
That croſs deſign with Cumberland for Spain.
But now a bed does well, to take ſome reſt,
Where this good hoſt directs his weary gueſt.
And having ſlept his fill, he timely roſe,
Takes a moſt thankful leave, and on he goes.
His purpoſe is to take his paſſage over
At the next port he finds; from thence to Dover.
But firſt at Fluſhing he reſolves to touch,
Where his old friend, the bulwark of the Dutch,
Brave Norris holds his troop; here Jones arrives,
Juſt as he came from goal, except his gives,

* The ſame in Welch.

Clad

Clad in his ſlaviſh robe of friars grey,
His cap true blue; no company, but they
That will not leave him whilſt he hath a rag,
Such as poſſeſs the beggar with his bag.
Winds, ſtorms, nor ſeas, nor ought that could undo him,
Could make them flinch, like friends they ſtick cloſe to him.
And thus accompanied he doth approach
To th'General's houſe, neither with ſteed nor coach;
But in his manly foot-march: 'twas the time,
When Norris with his chiefs were ſet to dine.
Jones preſſeth to the parlour from the hall,
And there accoſts the noble General.
Who ey'd him quickly, and cries out (O fate!)
Live I to ſee the ſtrength of England's ſtate?
Breath'ſt thou brave man at arms? Jones art thou he?
Or is it Mars himſelf diſguis'd like thee?
Quoth Jones, The ſcourge of Spaniards and of Spain,
Whom they have felt and foil'd, but to their pain,
Stands here; and yet would breathe ſome few years longer,
To prove King Philip or myſelf the ſtronger.
The reſt was dear embraces, and his place
By Norris' ſide; and then a haſty grace.
Now might I dwell upon the luſcious cheer,
Which here grew cold, whilſt each man's eye and ear
Fed on the perſon and diſcourſe of Jones,
And quite forgot their toaſts and marrow-bones.
And whilſt his ſtrange adventures paſt, he tells;
The Captains, Serjeant-Majors, Colonels,
Faſt to admire him, and are fill'd with wonder,
And feel no hunger tho' their bellies thunder.
Here mark his conſtancy, beyond theſe men,
He eats and talks, and eats and talks again.

Their maws are cloy'd to hear thoſe deeds of his,
His ſtories are his meal's parentheſis.
But when he ſpoke of Spain, 'tis paſt belief,
What fearful wounds he gave the chine of beef.
A capon garniſh'd with ſlic'd lemons ſtood
Before him, which he tore as he were wood;
And made it legleſs ere he made a pauſe,
Merely in malice to the Spaniſh ſauce.
He wrecks his wrath on ev'ry diſh that's nigh him,
And ſpoil'd a cuſtard that ſtood trembling by him;
Grown pikes and carps, and many a dainty diſh,
That far excell'd his tame Crotonian fiſh.
At laſt his fury 'gan to be aſſuag'd,
And then the General all his friends engag'd,
To give him ſoldier's welcome in a rowſe
Of luſty rheniſh, till both men and houſe
Turn round. Once two great deities conjoin'd
To work his fall, with hideous ſeas and wind:
Now only Bacchus takes the man to taſk;
And lays ſore to him with his potent caſk.
And whilſt with luſty grape o'er-borne Jones reels,
H' aſſaults his head, and ſo trips up his heels.
But up he roſe again with vigour ſtout,
And ſwears, tho' foil'd, he'll try another bout.
They all were now high flown, when colonel Skink,
Fills a huge bowl of ſherry ſack, to drink
A health to England's Queen, and Jones is he
Muſt take't in pledge; and ſo he did: but ſee
The ſtrange antipathy between this man
And Spaniſh grape as well as Spaniſh Don.
Againſt them both his ſtomach fierce doth riſe,
No ſooner drank but up again it flies.
This odd diſtemper made him half aſham'd,
But there's no help, he was with wrath inflam'd;
Nor was he pleas'd with Skink of this affront,
(For ſo he took't) he knew Skink could not want
The wine of Rhene for healths: why then in ſack,
Unleſs it were to lay him on his back?

Fir'd

Fir'd with this thought, he catch'd at his buff-coat,
Then grapples close; and had pluck'd out his throat,
But that the wary General interposes
His hands and friends between their bloody noses:
And with strong reasons, smiles, and smooth allays,
He damps the fury of these fiery boys,
And left them (as he thought) well reconcil'd,
But by th' effect he found he was beguil'd.
The night dispers'd them now to several ways,
As they were quarter'd. Jones with Norris stays,
Who sent him the next morn a brave rich suit,
Intended for himself, with all things to't.
Scant was he dress'd, when Skink unto him sends
A Captain, boldly to demand amends
For last night's work, and Jones, to do him right,
A bullet must exchange in single fight.
For which himself and second would not miss,
Where Jones design'd to meet with him and his.
This Jones accepts, and swears before that night
He shall hear from him, how and where he'll fight.
He thus dispatch'd, Sir Roger Williams enters,
To whom much kind discourse past o'er; he ventures
To tell his difference with Skink; which told,
Sir Roger like a Britain true and bold,
Protests himself his second, hastes to Skink,
Tells him, h' need fight well, as well as drink:
That Jones and he at the South-postern gate,
Early next morn would meet him and his mate,
With sword and pistol hors'd, and there agree,
To fight it two to two, or Jones and he.
Then comes to Jones, supply'd him with a horse
Well rid and fierce; Bucquoy had felt his force
Before Breda; then gives that sword and belt,
Which Prince * Llwellin wore, when slain near Bealt.

* The prince of South Wales, who was slain near Bealt, a town in Brecknockshire.

The hour come, theſe champions ſoon appear,
They ſpend no time in words; in full career,
Jones charges bravely cloſe up to his breaſt,
And fires, but fortune turn'd it to the beſt:
Makes him thro' haſte forget to prime his pan,
So miſs'd his ſhot, and ſo preſerv'd the man.
Vex'd with this fail, he flings with all his might,
Worſe than the bullet, had his hand gone right,
His piſtol at his face; 'twas aim'd ſo near,
It raz'd his cheek, and took quite off his ear.
Skink's bullet pierc'd the blow of Jones his ſaddle,
And ſlightly circumcis'd his foreman's noddle;
The ſeconds ſtood attending the event
Of this firſt charge, both reſolutely bent,
If either in th' encounter had been ſped,
To run the ſame adventure they both did.
But when they ſaw the bravery of their fight,
Both having loſt their blood, the quarrel ſlight:
They both deteſt ſuch men ſhould be deſtroy'd,
By which their country ſhould be ſore annoy'd:
With joint conſent their power they unite
To ride up to them, and break off the fight:
Thus got between them, all beſt means they uſe
To take it up: which both enrag'd refuſe.
They urge the equal terms on which they ſtood,
In point of honour: both had loſt their blood,
Both fought it well; how light their quarrel's ground,
Not worth one drop of blood, much leſs a wound.
Then bid them look on their dear country's woe,
Whoſe breaſts muſt ſuffer for the ill they do.
Reaſon takes place of wrath, they both accord,
And miſchief's engine reſts; they ſheath the ſword.
And thus (in few) this dangerous duel ends,
Fierce foes they met, and now return good friends:
Their ſurgeons ſtanch their blood, for yet they bled,
And clap a cap on Jones his nether head.
This news comes quickly to the General's ear,
Who when he heard their lives were out of fear,

He

He gently chides them that they would expoſe,
Their limbs unto the various chance of blows
In ſingle duel, when the common good,
No longer ſtands than ſuch good members ſtood.
Ten days are ſpent ere Jones could ſtand upright,
Thro' his ſlight hurt: which come, the noble knight
Brave Norris he takes leave of, with the reſt
Of that brave martial crew, and then addreſt
Himſelf for England: Joy thou happy Iſle,
Thy ſon returns that hath kept all this quoil;
Ye bluſtering boys of Britain feaſt and quaff all;
The man's at hand whoſe preſence makes you laugh all.
Welcome to Dover, thou great ſon of Mavors,
So ſpeak the mayor of Dover on his grave horſe,
Mounted to meet him with his reverend train,
All gown, who cry him welcome home from Spain.
After ſome ſhort repaſt, on poſt he rides
To Non-ſuch, where her Majeſty reſides,
Where he was ſoon brought up to kiſs her hand,
By his dear friend George earl of Cumberland.
But then when took to private conference,
What news of moment, what intelligence,
What Spaniſh plots, what myſteries of ſtate,
Unto her Majeſty he did relate,
'Twas wrapp'd in clouds too high for me to know it;
Then pardon, reader, that I do not ſhew it.
But 'twas obſerv'd he gave a written book
Unto her hand: on which ſhe deign'd to look,
And ſeem'd to ſlight it in the public face
Of court; yet made ſome uſe of 't in a place
That's privy, ſo diſmiſs'd him to his reſt,
Or her court's welcome; as to him ſeem'd beſt.
'Twas now the time when * Eſſex was engag'd
In Ireland 'gainſt Tyrone, with whom he wag'd
A bloody war: which to the Queen and ſtate
Seem'd long and coſtly: after much debate

* Robert, earl of Eſſex.

It is resolv'd to pick out such a man,
Whose active force and spirit dares and can
Put a full period to this war at once,
Without delay, and this was Captain Jones,
On whom they pitch, who fed on hopes in vain,
To get some small command to conquer Spain.
'Tis first resolv'd he must reduce Tyrone,
'Till that be done he must let Spain alone.
Thus his commission's seal'd to raise his force,
A compleat regiment of British horse:
He's thence to waft them o'er the Irish brine;
And then his force with noble Essex join.
Jones lost no time, goes in five days to Wales:
Shews his commission, tells them glorious tales;
He need not beat a drum, nor sound his trumpet,
His name's enough to make these Britons jump at
This brave employment under such a chief,
Whose fame's reserve enough for their relief.
Perplex'd he was in chusing his commanders,
For he still fancied best his old Highlanders;
But many worthies of the lower parts,
Offer to him their fortunes and their hearts.
But all respects put by, h' enlisteth ten
Of his old gang, all hard-bred mountain-men,
For his life-guard, Thomas Da Price a Pew,
Jenkin Da Prichard, Evan David Hugh,
John ap John Jenkin, Richard John dap Reese,
And Tom Dee Bacgh, a fierce rat at green cheese,
Llewelling Reese ap David, Watkin Jenkin,
With Howell Reese ap Robert, and young Philkin;
These for his guard, his officers in chief,
Lieutenant colonel Craddock, a stout thief,
With major Howell ap Howell of Pen Crag,
Well known for plund'ring many cow and nag;
Captain Pen Vaure, a branch of Tom John Catty,
Whose word in's colours was, YE ROGUES have at ye.

Griffith

Griffith ap Reese ap Howell ap Coh ap Gwillin,
Reese David Shone ap Ruthero ap William ;
With many more, whose names 'twere long to write,
The rest their acts will get them names in fight.
We must conceive they all were men of fame,
For here we see them all men of great name.
Jones with these blades advanceth to the * dale,
There lines himself and them with noble ale,
Of such antiquity as hath not been there,
The like since † Robert of the vale was seen there,
Who us'd to sink those kilderkins of merit,
To raise the heat of his prophetic spirit.
His forces slipp'd, at last on board he goes,
A lusty south-east gale so fairly blows,
That forty hours easily brought him in,
To Dublin harbour where he lands his men ;
There getting knowledge where the army lay,
To the Lord General he takes his way ;
From whom a noble welcome he receives,
And good fresh quarter to his troops he gives.
Jones first informs himself in what condition
Tyrone's made up for war, what ammunition.
How fortify'd in camp, what force, what watch,
How victuall'd, all occasion he doth catch
To take him tripping ; when at length he found,
He would not give nor take an equal ground,
To hazard battle, he resolves to try him,
In such a way as he should not deny him,
Unless with loss of honour ; he indites
This fearful challenge which his 'squire writes :
False traitor to thy country and thy Queen,
I, he who yet my peer have never seen,
In feats of arms, whose martial hand hath slain
Kings with their armies, half unpeopled Spain :

* A little village by Milford.

† An old Welch prophet, who foretold the landing of Henry the seventh there.

Done

Done more than I can write; I ſay, I he
Urge thee to ſingle duel: and to thee
Give thee free choice of weapon, time, and place,
On foot or horſe-back: think it no diſgrace,
That I a private Captain, thou a chief,
(My deeds make me admir'd, thee thine a thief)
Call thee to queſtion, 'twere ambition
In thee, to hope to fall by ſuch a one,
T' augment my praiſe I wiſh thee five times ſtronger,
Live till I meet thee, and but little longer.
This done, a herald is ſtraight charged with it,
In public to Tyrone's own hand to give it,
Who to him haſtes, and in the public view
Of all his army ſays, (Tyrone) to you,
I have command to bring from Captain Jones
This challenge; read it, and reſolve at once.
He takes it, reads it, and admires the man,
That ſends him this high brave, who if he can
But half he writes, he counts himſelf but loſt,
To meet him; yet in ſight of all his hoſt
This brave was given him: thus his honour lyes
At ſtake, and therefore deſperately replies.
Tell your brave man I am not conquer'd yet,
Nor can by words but blows, he ſhall be met,
Before to-morrow noon, on yon green plot,
Surrounded with the bog, neither with ſhot,
Nor head-ſteel'd dart: this ſword I wear ſhall do't,
Arm'd cap-a-pee, no horſe, but foot to foot.
He thus diſpatch'd, Tyrone doth ſtraight ſeek out,
Brain Mac-kill cow, a ſtrong ſturdy lout,
Made up with nerves, and brawn and bone ſo mighty,
He felt no burthen were it ne'er ſo weighty.
The ſtrongeſt man in all his camp by half.
Milo's great bull to him was but a calf,
Bred in the Iriſh wilds 'mongſt bogs and woods,
And like an outlaw liv'd on other's goods.
And this is he on whom Tyrone now fixt,
To perſonate himſelf in fight betwixt

Him and our Jones, true arms of largeſt ſize,
He puts on him, then to his loins he ties
Morglay his truſty ſword, then ſwears devoutly,
If in this combat he behave him ſtoutly,
He'll raiſe his means above two Engliſh Barons,
In lands and ſheep and cows and luſty garrons:
Bryan's all confidence and haſtens thither,
Where Jones and he muſt try their force together.
The place deſign'd was hardly twelve yards ſquare,
No traverſing of ground, no boys play there,
The reſt was bog, o'er which ſome planks were laid
To paſs them o'er; and then to ſtop all aid,
Were took from thence: here Jones our vailant fighter
Advanceth firſt: Bryan with his fell ſmiter
Is hard at hand; they ſpare no time for words,
Their mettle is the whetſtone of their ſwords.
They clap together like two ſons of thunder,
Their blades ſtruck light'ning, whilſt the earth quak'd under
The burthen ſhe bore; no ſtroke that's given, but death
Seems to attend it, till both out of breath
Conſent to make a ſtand; but this ſhort reſt,
Was like a ſallad with a mutton's breaſt
To their ſharp ſtomachs, to't they go again,
And lay on load like devils, not like men.
Their well-try'd arms do bluſh with their own blood,
To find their fleſh in whoſe defence they ſtood,
Stand, whilſt it fell: for that their keen ſwords whipt off,
As if they would each other make a chipt loaf.
At laſt, as I have ſeen a man of war
Exalt a Carrick, which exceeds him far,
In bulk and ſtrength: ſo Jones deals now with Bryan,
With ſhuns and ſhifts, more like a Fox than Lion.

For (to ſpeak truly) this fell Pagan lout,
Doth ſo belabour Jones from head to foot,
That both his ears do oft with ſorrow ſing,
And's eyes ſee ſtars at noon (a wond'rous thing)
We muſt conceive thoſe furious blows he dealt,
Were well repaid with uſe, which Bryan felt.
But Jones eſteeming it an equal thing
To be ſelf-conquer'd, and long conquering,
Reſolves to put the buſineſs out of doubt
With one paſs more, which was the fatal bout.
On this reſolve, with both his hands he preſs'd,
The pummel of his ſword againſt his breaſt,
Then like a thunder-bolt tilts ſwiftly at him:
With th' fear of this, Bryan had quite forgot him.
That 'twas a bog behind, ſo backward ſprings,
And his whole body up to the arm-pits flings,
Amidſt the bog. Jones, driven with his own force,
Miſſing his thruſt falls headlong in the gorſe,
But pitch'd upon his foe, by happy fate,
With which o'er-borne, our Jones ſo mauls his pate,
That th' helmet flies, and leaves his head to th'
danger,
Of being the anvil of our Jones his anger:
And now the day is his, his ſtrength he ſtrains,
With hand and hilt to beat out Bryan's brains:
Who cries out quarter, Man of Mars I yield
My ſelf and ſword, the honour of the field.
And where the power reſts, 'tis much better far,
To give than take a life in chance of war.
This and the bog doth cool the wrath of Jones,
He ſpares his life and draws him forth at once.
Beſides he ſcorn'd poſterity ſhould tell,
That by his hand Tyrone ſo nobly fell.
And thus O'Neal his captive (as he thought)
In this foul plight unto the camp he brought:
Preſents him to the General, and then ſpeak,
Sir, if you have ten more Tyrones to take,
Command,

Command, I'll do't; here ſee him hither led
By me, who all this charge and ſtir hath bred.
The joy was great, but ſhort; 'twas quickly known,
This was but ſome impoſtor for Tyrone:
And this an Iriſh captive at firſt view
Made known, who him and his condition knew.
This bred a qualm in ſome, whil'ſt others ſmil'd,
To ſee their Britiſh champions ſo beguil'd,
And that Tyrone had bobb'd him with this jeer,
To match his cow-herd with our mountaineer.
Jones vex'd with this, retires unto his tent,
An angry, dirty, deſperate, malecontent.
Three days thus ſpent, his wrath no longer bears
This baſe affront; (like Scævola *,) he ſwears
He'll kill Tyrone in 'midſt of all his force,
Tho' in the act himſelf be made a corſe:
In this wild mood by night he doth convey
Himſelf, where he ſuppos'd the rebel lay:
Who wiſely rais'd his camp the day before,
March'd far thro' deſart woods, and would no more
Of theſe affronts; which to put off agen,
Might breed contempt of him with his own men.
Two days Jones ſpends in queſts to find him out;
At laſt he was encounter'd with a rout
Of ravening wolves, who fiercely all at once,
Aſſail'd the back and face of manly Jones.
'Twas time to draw, elſe theſe wild Iriſh dogs,
Had been ſo bold to ſhake him by the logs:
But when his ſword was out he makes them feel,
Their teeth are not ſo ſharp as his true ſteel.
The firſt good blow he dealt took off a head,
The ſecond made one two: the next he ſped,
With a ſore thruſt at mouth, and out at tail:
A fourth which his poſteriors doth aſſail,
With his ſtrong heel he hurls againſt a tree,
Twelve paces from his kick, and there lies he:

* Scævola againſt Porſenna in Livy.

His ſword rips out another's empty paunch ;
The next limps off from him with half a haunch.
We muſt conceive 'twas time to lay about him,
For here were thoſe that fought to eat, not rout him.
Nor 'ſcap'd he free, the rich ſword ſcarf he wore
About his loins, they all to fitters tore.
His boots pluck'd off by bits, ſome fleſh to boot,
No quarter free from ſcars from head to foot.
And (to conclude) from theſe wild Iriſh witches *,
He 'ſcapes ſcant with a hand's breadth of his breeches.
Wearied with blows and kicks, at laſt they fly him,
And take a ſnarling leave as they go by him.
Thus Jones, half worried, haſtes unto the camp.
There's none could ſay the cloathes he wore were damp
With night perdues, unleſs they meant to flout him ;
For (to ſpeak truth) he had no cloathes about him.
Thus come, he ſwears by the immortal powers,
He had maintain'd a battle full five hours,
With forty duels, five and twenty kill'd,
Routed the reſt ; who had all took the field
'Gainſt him alone ; all rais'd with him to fight,
To his deſtruction, or t' eclipſe his might,
By that old timorous treacherous kern Tyrone,
Who durſt as well meet death as him alone.
The plight our Jones appear'd in, made none doubt,
But he had had at leaſt a deviliſh bout,
If not with devils ; on him each man ſeeth,
The fearful character of nails and teeth.
We may not ſtand to ſhew what Eſſex' ſenſe
Was on theſe actions, nor the conſequence
They did import : the progreſs of this ſtory,
Haſtens our Muſe to Jones his farther glory.
Fame theſe atchievements brings to England's ſtate ;
Which held the Queen and council in debate

* Lupanthropos, witches that take the ſhapes of wolves upon them in Ireland.

About this man; and all at laſt ſuppos'd,
In policy he's not to be expos'd,
To the cloſe dang'rous plots of ſuch a foe,
Who neither values faith nor honour, ſo
His miſchiefs take ſucceſs: and thus the ſtate
Loſe this dear limb, and then repent too late.
Some looking deeper into Jones his ſpirit,
Knowing he knew too much of his own merit,
Hold it not ſafe he ſhould be open to,
The windy baits of that ſo ſubtile foe,
To gain him to his part; whoſe haughty mind
Would ſoon take fire; then could not be confin'd.
And if by ſuch a plot they ſhould be croſs'd,
They all conclude that kingdom were but loſt.
Theſe grounds invite them wholly to decline
His warfare there; ſo on ſome grand deſign
Pretended they invite his quick repair,
To England's court to act this great affair.
He comes, but leaves his Britiſh troops to fight
Tyrone to death; whoſe acts who pleaſe to write,
May meet with ſubjects brave to rant upon,
But for myſelf I am quite tir'd with one.
And thus tranſported from the Iriſh ſtrands,
At Aberuſt * with a Welch port he lands;
Where ere two days he fully ſpent for reſt,
A goodly veſſel, with croſs winds oppreſs'd,
Comes boiling in; Jones by her colours knows
She is of Spain: his colour comes and goes
At ſight of her's; that ſuch a godly prey,
Should come (as 'twere) to meet him in his way.
He muſters ſtraight a troop of Britiſh lads,
Who on their mountain geldings clap their pads;
With ruſty bills inſtead of ſtaves in reſt;
Such were their horſe, ſuch were their arms at beſt.
Then with a fowling-piece the ſhip they hail,
With confidence that ſhe would ſtraight ſtrike ſail;

* A Town and Port in the County of Cardigan.

But

But ſhe makes anſwer, that ſhe was too hot,
From her broadſide with twenty culverin ſhot.
This ſtruck a ſtand, till Jones cry'd out, what doubt ye ?
The day is ours, maſters lay about ye ;
Lead the forlorn up bravely, and be bold,
I'll bring the rear, for they know me of old ;
If once my name or perſon they deſcry,
My life for yours they'll either yield or fly.
Made bold with this, in full career they ride,
Up to the ridges of the flowing tide.
But when they came breaſt-high amongſt the waves,
Their horſe more wiſe by half then theſe mad knaves,
Snort at the foaming billows, turn their tails,
And make a fair retreat from ſea and ſails ;
Which, leſt it ſhould ſeem done on terms of fear,
Jones to the front, now haſtens from the rear,
And leads them back again in good array,
Neither with haſty flight, nor much delay.
At his return he ſearcheth all that coaſt,
To find a herring-boat or two at moſt ;
With which he doubts not but he'll ſink or take
This luſty ſhip : whoſe braveſt men will quake
To hear his name. But fate that had decreed
To ſave her, caus'd her hoyſe her ſails with ſpeed :
So with a ſtrong fore-wind away ſhe flies,
And leaves our Jones to ſeek ſome other prize.
Thus croſs'd in this deſign to court he went,
Where he is met with noble compliment ;
And from the Queen ſuch grace he doth receive,
As he deſerv'd, and ſtood with her to give.
Now for the great affair that call'd him back,
The Lords muſt pump for't in a cup of ſack
To help invention : Jones muſt be prefer'd
To ſome employment, be it ne'er ſo hard.
In deep conſult and long diſcourſe they ſat on't,
And ſtudied for't ; at laſt they lighted pat on't.

It

It is reſolv'd, that he muſt be the man,
To go in embaſſy to Preſter John.
The buſineſs carried with't a glorious face;
Employ'd Ambaſſador unto his Grace.
The dangerous voyage to a place remote,
Affects him moſt to get his name more note
In foreign Lands; he'll not refuſe the work,
Were't to the Great Mogul, or the Great Turk.
A luſty ſhip's prepar'd, again he goes;
But what this great employment was, who knows?
Reader, I know thy thoughts are ſtrongly bent
To know this firſt deſign, on which he went.
But know this firſt, that Prince's ſecret ways,
Are ſuch as ſhips cut thorough deepeſt ſeas,
Which ſhut ſtill as they ope, and him that ſounds,
And enters too far in, their deepneſs drowns.
If bare conjectures may give light to thee,
Here take them freely; harmleſs thoughts are free.
Perhaps this high blown ſpirit now is ſent
To foreign air, where it may purge and vent,
And ſo return more fit the ſtate to ſerve
In their commands, who yet muſt him obſerve.
Perhaps he went this prieſtly Prince to gain
Unto our church; who gave good proof in Spain
Of's power in this; or to negotiate,
Commerce between the Æthiop and our ſtate,
For tuſks of Elephants to haft our knives,
Apes and baboons and pugs to pleaſe our wives;
Which things ſatiety makes common there,
And curioſity o'erprizeth here.
Be't what it will, our Jones is gone upon't,
And we may know he will make ſomething on't.
His treacherous friend the ſea his charge receives,
And with ſome flattering gales his hopes deceives,
Making the Land his firmer friend appear
Still leſs; until at laſt it brought him where
He loſt her ſight: for three month's time he makes
Good way; at laſt the wind his wings forſakes,

The

The ſhip's becalm'd, and to the Port ſhe ſeeks,
She gains not half a league for thirteen weeks.
Jones find this lazy war offends him more,
Than all thoſe hideous ſtorms out-rid before.
Theſe ſad effects this ſleepy calm attend ;
Victual and beverage ſpent ; leſs hope of end.
Then fear of further miſeries enſues,
The ſea with calms his patience doth abuſe,
Turns deviliſh ſtateſman, puts on a ſmooth face,
Salutes and kills them with a ſoft embrace.
'Twas now far worſe with Jones than erſt with Skink ;
For three weeks his own urine is his drink,
Which his hot body had ſo oft ſublim'd ;
'Tis grown a cordial, like gold thrice calcin'd.
Breezes of wind at laſt his ſails diſplay,
And waft him into the Barbarick bay ;
Then to the Arabick, next the pilot laves,
His boiſterous charge in *Mare rubrum*'s waves.
And laſtly he attains, beyond all hope,
Errocco, the ſole Port of Æthiope ;
And here he lands, and empties many a bowl,
To allay the fury of his thirty ſoul.
After ſome reſt he gets intelligence,
Where 'twas the Prince then kept his reſidence ;
Where he repairs, and's told when he comes thither,
The Prince and town are both remov'd together
Some ten miles off. The Prince and town ! (quoth Jones)
I have met my match : here's people make no bones
Of things beyond belief. And yet 'twas true ;
This town was tents which fifty thouſand drew,
And rais'd in th' inſtant, whereſoe'er the Prince
Sat down to ſport, or ſhew magnificence.
By Mount Amara now his court he rears ;
A mount far differing from the name it bears * :

* Read Purchas, in his relations of Æthiopia, touching this mount.

If

If Paradiſe had e'er a ſecond birth
Below the ſeat of ſaints, 'tis there on earth.
An humble valley is the garden where
This Mount is rais'd; a vale ſo rich, ſo rare;
Nature grew bankrupt drawing this rich plot,
And ſtriving to be quaint, ſhe quite forgot
To keep reſerves; for by this work we know,
She made it ſuch ſhe could make no more ſo.
Amidſt this vale is rais'd this lofty ſtructure,
Five leagues upright. It's outſides architecture
Unpoliſh'd marble; but ſo rich, ſo fair,
You'd think't a pillar of one ſtone in th' air;
By ſome high power unto Atlas given,
To eaſe his ſhoulders whil'ſt it proppeth heaven.
This goodly Mount a ſpacious plain doth crown,
Imboſt with Nature's gems, a velvet down
That's always green; no froſt, no winter here,
Continual ſpring; here Phœbus all the year,
From riſe to ſet, doth always fire his eye,
As loath to put ſo fair an object by.
Here grow thoſe happy trees from whence there
ſprings
That precious oil, which erſt anointed Kings,
And ſacred prieſts. Nor croud they here to take
One ſenſe alone; the ſcent and ſight partake.
So are they rank'd, as well to give a grace,
As ſweet perfumes, for tribute to the place.
No orchard here, nor garden but the plain;
The choiceſt fruit all Europe doth contain,
Grow here unplanted, here's the luſcious grape,
That makes Jove's nectar: 'twas not Helen's rape
That ruin'd Troy: the apple * got from thence,
Had worth enough to do't. Here every ſenſe
Would ſurfeit, but each object's rarity,
Gives appetite without ſatiety;

* The apple which three goddeſſes, Juno, Pallas and Venus, contended for, which was given by Paris to Venus; whereupon followed the deſtruction of Troy.

Roſes and tulips Flora gathers here,
When we have none, to crown her golden hair;
And here Medea pick'd (if Jones ſpeak truth)
Thoſe herbs which turned antiquity to youth:
The only Phœnix deigns to weather here,
The only place like her without a peer:
Leſt all theſe ſweets ſhould want ſweet harmony,
A numerous choir of nightingale's comply,
To warble forth the ſweet Amara's praiſe,
Who turns their mourning notes to merry lays.
Amidſt this plain there glides a ſilver brook,
So gently, that the ſubtleſt eye may look,
And find no motion; on his violet banks
Thick Cyprus trees marſhal themſelves in ranks,
To keep out Phœbus; whoſe enamour'd beams,
Peep thro' each little crink to view his ſtreams:
His pavement azure gravel intermixt
With orient pearls, and diamonds betwixt,
Which as the air's ſoft breath his ſurface purls,
Vary their gloſs, and twinkle through his curls:
Like a ſteel'd glaſs preſenting to the eye,
The ſpangled beauty of the ſtarry ſky.
Here Dolphins leave the ſea to wanton; here
Carps ſince the deluge their grown bodies cheer.
Umbrana's too; ſuch had * Vitellius known,
A province ſhould have gone to purchaſe one:
Such is Amara, ſuch is Tempe field,
Elyſium on earth unparallel'd.
'Twas here this royal prieſt now kept his court;
A place well ſuiting with his fame and port.
And here comes Jones, where having made's addreſs,
Letters of credence given at his acceſs,
In Latin writ: in the ſame tongue he gives
Jones gracious words, which language Jones conceives
To be Arabic, for the Latin tongue
He ne'er endur'd to learn nor old nor young;

* A great epicure, and Emperor of Rome.

But

But that's all one, there's no reply expected,
Unto a rich pavilion he's directed
By men of ſtate, where he is well attended,
With all that's rich, and to his reſt commended.
Some few days ſpent, and time for audience got,
When Preſter John in royal ſtate was ſat;
Jones ſtudying how t' expreſs his eloquence,
In ſome ſtrange language which might poſe the Prince,
Now trouls him forth a full mouth'd Welſh oration,
Boldly deliver'd as became his nation.
The plot prov'd right, for not one word of ſenſe
Could be pick'd from't, which vex'd the learned Prince.
His learned linguiſts are call'd in to hear,
Who might as well have ſtopp'd each others ear,
For ought they underſtood, and all proteſt,
It was the very language of the beaſt.
Jones hath his end, and then to make it known,
He had more tongues t'expreſs himſelf than one;
In a new tone he ſpeaks, not half ſo rich,
But better known, 'twas Engliſh; unto which
An Engliſh Factor is interpreter,
Between our Captain and John Preſbyter;
His buſineſs takes effect (what ere it was)
And great expreſſes of reſpect do paſs
To Jones from him, as one he thought moſt rich,
In unknown tongues expreſs'd in his firſt ſpeech,
And ſo admires him for he knows not what:
But Jones may thank his mother-tongue for that.
His buſineſs done, he's led for recreation,
To take the pleaſures of that pleaſant nation,
To mount Amara's top, the chiefeſt grace,
And perfect beauty of that Kingdom's face;
And finding his great heart was moſt inclin'd
To martial feats, all in one motion join'd
T' invite him to their deſarts, where he might
Make trial of his force in manly fight,

With their wild beaſts, and promis'd him conſorts,
All truly try'd t' aſſiſt him in thoſe ſports.
The motion takes, a brave accoutred horſe,
And his own arms, he and's aſſociate force
Advance to hunt; methinks I ſee them all,
Drawn to the life in canvaſs * 'gainſt the wall,
In ſome mean houſe made for good-fellowſhip,
How fierce they look, how brave they prance and ſkip;
With hounds and horns, and bills and picks and glaves,
And ſpears and clubs, and many light-foot knaves:
In this brave equipage they march away,
To the known haunts where theſe wild creatures prey.
'Twas Jones his trick of old to ride alone:
In hard adventures he'll admit of none
To ſhare with him, from them he ſteals aſide,
And in the deſart by himſelf doth ride.
Nor rode he long, till juſt againſt him ſtalks
A ramping lion, new come from his walks;
Jones draws, the furious beaſt with fiery eyes,
And briſtled mane, againſt his boſom flies;
But his keen ſword met full with his fore paws,
And whipp'd them off; and ſo he 'ſcap'd his claws.
Nor ſtay'd it there, but gave a cruel wound
To his left jaw, and fell'd him to the ground.
Then nimbly wheels about, and ſtepp'd aſide,
Leaps from his horſe, which to a tree he ty'd:
Then turns again, and with his ſword falls to't,
To end this combat with him foot to foot;
The wounded beaſt with all his power doth haſten,
His fearful fangs in Jones his throat to faſten.
Whilſt on's hin feet he aſſaults him bolt upright,
With left hand arm'd, Jones ſtuns with him the right;

* Painted cloths in inns and victualling-houſes.

Strikes

Strikes both his hin legs off; yet on his ſtumps,
The noble beaſt unconquered fiercely jumps
Full at his face with open mouth, and there,
(For his grim face could raiſe in Jones no fear)
In ſhoots the deadly blade, and out behind,
Where't makes a ſecond vent for life's ſhort wind;
This thruſt with right hand arm'd ſo home was lent,
That hand and hilt quite thro' together went;
Where taking hold of his ſtrong ſtern (for truth
He ſwears) he drew't quite thro' his trunk this mouth.
Then with fine force (the like was never ſeen)
He ſtrips his inſide out, and's outſide in.
Thus tergiverſt upon his ſteed he flings him,
Then mounts himſelf, and to the court he brings him.
Never was royal beaſt ſo groſly jaded,
But 'twas his fate which could not be evaded;
Unto the gallants of the court he ſhews,
How hard th' adventure was, what thruſts, what blows;
On every circumſtance he doth dilate;
Nor adds he much to truth, nor much doth bate:
For much he ſpoke, the lion made it good,
With loſs of his four legs, and his beſt blood.
This ſtrange atchievement ſtrikes them all with wonder,
'Twas never ſeen ſince Greece's Alexander.
Lyſimachus, Lyſander, nor Perdiccas *,
Nor any of his chiefs, ere did the like as
Our Jones in this: 'Tis true, they write they kill'd,
In ſingle fight ſome few of theſe in field;
But here's a force borne with a higher ſail,
Tranſtorting tail to head, and head to tail.
The Prince in words this high atchievement prais'd:
But inward fear and jealouſy it rais'd
Of our brave Queen, whoſe ſceptre doth command,
Such men whoſe power no nation can withſtand.

* Read Quintus Curtius concerning theſe.

Jones might ſo far on his own ſtrength preſume, as
To ſeiſe his throne, as * Cortez Montezuma's
Had done before. Theſe thoughts he oft revolves
With troubled mind, and ſo in fine reſolves
To ſhift him thence: makes for his fair pretence,
Matter of high and haſty conſequence,
To be with ſpeed convey'd unto our Queen;
Except herſelf it muſt by none be ſeen.
This paſt on Jones, who parts with high content,
Nobly preſented with fair compliment,
Amongſt the reſt, a Parrot, that could ſpeak
All tongues but Jones his own; that had a beak
Of perfect coral, plum'd as white as ſnow:
This he accepts, and ſo to ſea does go:
Where under ſail ſuch welcome he receives,
As one dire foe unto another gives.
With calms, and ſtorms, and winds, all croſs, that bear,
The ſhip quite off the courſe that ſhe would ſteer.
Long time thus ſpent, into a bay he drives,
And at a port unknown at laſt arrives:
Where he beholds a glorious caſtle built
High on a cliff, whoſe walls pure gold, or gilt,
To him appear'd. Which object caus'd him land,
To know who did this princely ſeat command.
He's told it is the Queen of No-land's place,
The only relict of her royal race;
A maiden Queen that here doth keep her court,
Where many Kings and Princes of high port
Make their addreſs, and loſe themſelves in love,
To purchaſe her's, for not a man can move
Her heart to wed, tho' ne'er ſo great his ſtate,
Or form exact, ſuch was the will of fate.
Here, as he lands, a large canoe was ſent,
To know from whence he was, and whither bent.

* A private Spaniſh commander, that took this great King of Mexico with a handful of men.

In

In this a Dutchman came by happy fate,
Who could his language to the Queen tranſlate.
This man he tells, as briefly as he can,
His voyage from his Queen to Preſter John:
How by croſs winds in his return he's blown,
And forc'd into this port to him unknown.
Jones is reſolv'd to ſee and to be ſeen
Of this great Princeſs, that our virgin Queen
Might know when he returns what form, what port
This royal virgin carried in her court.
Thus like an errant knight all arm'd compleat,
He marcheth boldly to her palace gate,
All maſſy poliſh'd braſs; at his firſt ward,
Six milk-white Panthers fierce were chain'd for guard.
Thence thro' a large great ſpacious court he paſt,
And ſo aſcends twelve ivory ſteps at laſt,
With ebon columns, unto which were ty'd,
Twelve ſharp kept Lions, who all yawned wide
When ſtrangers do approach. Jones thro' them all
Is ſafely guarded to a goodly hall.
From thence aſcends to rooms of greater ſtate,
And comes at laſt where this Princeſs royal ſat
Upon a ſtrange rich bed, not ſtuff'd with down,
But cloſely wrought, and like a bladder blown;
Three Æthiops on each ſide, to fan the air,
With Oſtridge plumes perfum'd as rich as fair.
Her beauty could not boaſt of white and red,
But jet-like black; about her criſp curl'd head
And cheeks, there hang rich flaming ſtones and pearls,
That paſs'd Mark Anthony's Egyptian girls.
In brief; if Tuſcan liv'd to limn the night
Sparkling with ſtars, this were her picture right.
No ſooner to her ſight doth Jones appear;
Than to her heart his piercing eyes ſhot fire;
Which Cupid blows and rais'd into a flame,
That warms her zeal to invocate his name.

No

No part of Jones but in her eye exceeds
All human ſhape; ſome god he muſt be needs.
But when at her requeſt he doth relate,
The chances of his paſt and preſent ſtate;
Never was ear with Orpheus' harp poſſeſs'd
As her's with Jones, whilſt he his life expreſs'd.
Thoſe that have warm'd themſelves by theſe ſtrong
fires,
May eas'ly gueſs what fruits her wild deſires
Produc'd to Jones; the obſervance of the court,
With feaſts and banquets, and all princely ſport,
Are at his foot: he cannot name nor wiſh
That meat he likes, but ſtraight 'tis in his diſh.
In this high ſtate ſome months he takes his eaſe,
Whilſt this ſick Princeſs feeds on her diſeaſe:
At laſt a ſharp alarm damps theſe deſires,
Which threaten'd death, but could not quench her
fires.
A Prince there was, mighty in bulk and mind,
Whoſe kingdom's confines unto No-land join'd:
Deſcended in his race from Og of Baſan;
You'd think his very name might well amaze one,
Bahader Cham Mombaza's King; h' had been,
A long hot ſuitor to this mighty Queen,
But ſtill repuls'd: now this unruly fire
Suppreſs'd with ſcorn, breaks forth from love to ire.
A mighty hoſt he rais'd, and marcheth thro'
The heart of No-land, to command, not woo:
Approaching near her court, he ſends her word,
She muſt be his own Queen at bed and board,
Or ſee her kingdom burn in higher flames
Than his for her: yet (for his ſpirit ſhames
To war with women) if ſhe can find out
One man in all her realm, that is ſo ſtout,
In her defence with him his ſword to try,
He'll bravely win her, or he'll bravely die.
Her courtiers quail'd at this, who knew his force,
Could not be parallel'd by man and horſe.

Nor

Nor could it chuſe but make the Queen look black,
Not pale. Th' interpreter at Jones his back,
Rounds in his ear this proud imperious ſpeech;
Had ſhe been thence, h' had bid him kiſs his breech
For this proud meſſage: up, howe'er, he ſtarts,
And this loud anſwer with his mouth he farts;
Go tell Bahader Cham Mombaza's King,
One Mars begot in's wrath will have a fling
With him ere night, that one who at one breath,
Don Dego and Gonzago did to death,
Will look him dead; nor will I only be
This Princeſs' champion, but (thy Cham to ſee)
I'll walk thro' beds of ſcorpions: for I hear
He dares enough, and I can brook no peer.
This high reply ne'er mov'd the haughty Cham,
Let Jones be what he will he's ſtill the ſame.
The day's his own before the fight's begun:
Were Mars himſelf inſtead of Mars his ſon.
A back and breaſt and helmet ſtrong he dond,
Well wrought and varniſh'd by ſome Indian hand,
A whale-bone bow he takes of ſpecial ſtrength,
With arrows barb'd, at leaſt two yards in length:
A crooked ſcimiter whoſe edge was flint,
Quaintly conjoin'd and ſome tough ſpell was in't,
To make it proof againſt the ſtrength of ſteel.
Oft had this ſword made head-ſtrong Giants reel.
By his right ſide a maſſy mace he hangs,
With which his ſturdy foes to death he bangs;
A buckler like a Spaniſh ruff he wore
About his neck, full half yard deep, or more:
He wore not this for his defence, or grace,
But to keep off his urine from his face.
For you muſt know that member was ſtill mounted:
The braveſt woman's man on earth accounted.
And thus prepar'd, this luſty termagant,
Aſcends his caſtle on his Elephant.
And then advanceth to a ſpacious green,
Before the caſtle of this maiden Queen.

A brave Arabian courſer is prepar'd
For Jones, his own true arms he dons for guard,
Llwellin's ſword to do; and ſo deſcends
Down to the Green, where the fierce Cham attends.
Jones was to ſeek what kind of fight were beſt,
To make againſt this Giant and his beaſt.
Both far exceed in ſtrength himſelf and horſe,
And therefore art muſt now be join'd with force:
Now breaſt to breaſt, a nimble charge, and gone,
His ready ſteed as ſoon comes off as on.
Had not the well-try'd arms he wore prov'd true,
The Cham's ſmart whale-bone bow had made him rue
This bold attempt: but what can whale's weak bones,
When whales themſelves came ſhort to ſwallow Jones?
Thus thrice he charg'd, and thrice he came off clear,
At laſt he came cloſe up in full career,
And turning ſhort, the horſe's hind feet ſlipp'd:
Thro' which miſchance the carry-caſtle ripp'd
His bowels forth, with's tuſk; down falls the horſe:
The furious beaſt claſp'd Jones with his proboſce;
And mounts him high; but in his riſe he found,
The means to give Bahader's face a wound,
And cuts in th'inſtant off, the trunk that claſp'd him:
So down the Elephant was forc'd to caſt him.
This hard exploit none ere perform'd before,
But one of Cæſar's * ſoldiers and no more.
The wounded beaſt enrag'd with pain cries out
With hideous voice, and plung'd and pranc'd about
The Green, till from his ſeat the Prince he throw'th,
And then (for by the Cham from his firſt growth,
This feat he had been taught) tho' mad with pain,
He ſtrives to mount him on his back again.
But Jones had lopp'd off his ſtrong trunk before,
Whereby he could perform this feat no more.

* Read the Commentaries *De bello Africano.*

Here

Here Jones denies he bred this docile beaſt,
Taught to his hand, he got him to the Eaſt;
And his report muſt have belief before us,
Who ſwears it was the ſame that carry'd Porus *
Againſt the Macedon. I cannot ſee
How by wiſe Nature's rules this thing ſhould be,
Unleſs in Pliny's volumes it appears,
That Elephants may live two thouſand years.
Now Jones leaps up in haſte, and ſwiftly flies,
With ſword in hand, where bruis'd Bahader lies;
And ere he could get up, one waſhing ſtroke,
His head and buckler from his ſhoulders took;
Which when 'twas off, they may compare't that will,
To the grim St. John's head on Ludgate-Hill.
His numerous army ſtruck with grief and fright
At his ſad fate, betook itſelf to flight;
And thus was No-land's Queen redeem'd by Jones
From bondage, rape, and No-land's loſs at once.
Now if ſhe lov'd our Captain well before,
In reaſon ſhe muſt love him ten times more;
Which ſhe expreſs'd, by laying at his foot
Her people, No-land, and herſelf to boot:
But whether 'twas the god of love's deep curſe,
That ſhe refus'd for better, or for worſe,
Thoſe mighty Princes which to her he ſent,
To make her doat on a non-reſident;
Flings ſnow-balls at his heart, and flames at her's;
To keep conjunction from theſe errant ſtars;
Or whether Jones his genitals had got,
Some lame defect by Skink's late deſperate ſhot,
And ſo his noble heart made him refuſe,
What having got he could not rightly uſe.
'Tis not in me to judge, but this I know,
Her violent fires ſcorch'd her, and him his ſnow,

* Read Curtius touching that Elephant of Porus, who often remounted his maſter with his trunk in that battle between him and Alexander.

So cold that, to avoid her amorous ſight,
He leaves her court, and ſteals to ſea by night:
So Jaſon us'd Medea erſt, but he's
So wiſe to take with him the golden fleece,
Which Jones contemn'd to do, and thought himſelf,
When ſafe return'd, his country's mine of wealth.
No certain ground I have here to relate,
This great deſerted Queen's unhappy fate;
But Sir John Mandeville's, who doth deliver,
As Jones reports, he came ſoon after thither,
And found the people's outſide all in black;
A ſad expreſſion for their Princeſs' wreck.
Who told him lately there arriv'd a man,
All white, who for them wond'rous things had done.
Redeem'd their Queen and kingdom from the ſhame
Of rape and rapine, which Bahader Cham
Came there to act, and was in open field,
By this white man in ſingle combat kill'd.
Their Queen enamour'd with this matchleſs man,
Refus'd and left by him: when nothing can
Quench her wild fires but Carthage Queen's hard fate,
Whilſt on the clift with penſive thoughts ſhe ſate,
A ſudden ſpring ſhe gave, and ſo commends
Herſelf to ſea, where life and love ſhe ends.
No more of this ſad ſtuff; let's all at once
Join in a joyful welcome home to Jones.
In ſix months ſail he ſteers by Goodwin ſands,
Caſts anchor at the Downs; the next day lands,
Haſtes to the Queen at London, there expreſſes
Every particular of his addreſſes
To Preſter John; the great affairs ſucceſs
As ſhe deſir'd: laſtly, in his progreſs,
He might have married the great Queen of No-land,
But this the Queen gave credit to at no hand,
'Till 'twas confirm'd by Sir John Mandeville,
Whoſe ſtrange reports they may believe that will.

Now

Now let us well obſerve the happy fate,
Which ſtill provided for the Queen and ſtate.
Jones had not reſted fully three days here,
But out there breaks a great and fearful fire
Of ſtrong rebellion; and to quench it, none's
So fit in common ſenſe, as Captain Jones.
Brave Eſſex thro' affronts turn'd malecontent,
Hatches in's breaſt a deſperate intent,
To ſeize the perſon of the Queen, and thoſe
He found moſt near about her his ſtrong foes.
Her Grace and counſel call for Jones, to know
What in his judgment now were beſt to do.
Who firſt her gracious pardon doth beſeech,
And then delivers this ſhort pithy ſpeech.
Firſt guard the Court with Weſtminſter's ſtrong bands,
Call in the neighbouring Counties by commands.
Out with your houſhold men, ſhut up your gates;
We'll make your foes turn tail with broken pates.
Then call to you the richeſt of your Cits,
But ſeek no caſh; for in their bags their wits
Are cloſe knit up; but only thus much make
Them know, their wives and fortunes lye at ſtake;
That they ſhall want no ſuccour, whilſt your hand
Can graſp the ſword, and ſceptre of this land.
Thus arm their hearts, and rouze them from their beds,
And then let us alone to arm their heads.
She now requires, that Jones in perſon go
To Eſſex, his intents to ſound and know;
To uſe all faireſt means that may reduce him,
From thoſe lewd ways, to which loſt men ſeduce him.
He undertakes it; haſtens to the Lord,
And is admitted in as ſoon as heard.
And here he finds Sir Walter Raleigh with him;
Some ill was in't, his fancy ſtraight doth give him.

He

He knew he came not to the Earl for good,
But to provoke him to ſome madder mood.
Therefore from thence our Jones doth Raleigh rate,
Shaking his martial truncheon o'er his pate:
Bids him pack thence to th' knaves of his Grand
Jury,
He'll make him elſe th' example of his fury.
Raleigh was wiſe, and rul'd by his beſt ſenſe;
Gives place to time, and ſo withdraws from thence.
Then Jones theſe counſels to the Earl began,
How full of dangers were the ways he ran.
How weak his power; much leſs unto the force
Of England's, than his rein-deer's to a horſe.
Thus his brave family muſt be deſtroy'd,
His honour's loſt, his ancient houſe made void:
Beſide, his cauſe was naught; for tho' himſelf
Ne'er read the laws of this great Commonwealth,
Yet he had heard ſome Lawyer ſay long ſince,
There was no law to captivate our Prince.
Thus all the harmleſs blood that ſhall be ſpilt
In this bad cauſe, muſt lye on Eſſex guilt.
Lay hand on heart moſt noble Peer, (quoth Jones)
The Queen can pardon, and enrich at once.
Be you but good, ſhe can be gracious,
Your own experience can inform you thus.
Thus Jones poſſeſs'd his noble heart ſo far,
He is reſolv'd to wave the chance of war;
Himſelf and houſe he yields unto the Queen,
And her cold mercy, which too ſoon was ſeen.
This is the laſt great act I can relate,
Of his good ſervice for the Queen and ſtate:
Rewards fit for his worth there were prepar'd,
Which his high ſpirit paſs'd by without regard:
And his great Queen was ſeriouſly bent,
To put him in ſome place of government;
But Nature only taught the man to fight,
And his rude mother not to read and write.

Which

Which was the chiefeſt cauſe that made him hate,
To be employ'd in myſteries of ſtate.
Beſides, he was not pleas'd that her Grace,
Cut off this noble man before his face,
Whom he brought in; it may be his own lot,
With axe or cord for nought to go to pot.
Thus ignorance, a diſcontented mind,
And worth ill weigh'd, do make him fall behind
Occaſion's lock; which loſt, he never more,
Tho' bred and breath'd on hills, ſhall get before.
Now time and bruiſes, and much loſs of blood,
Had made Jones feel cold age was not ſo good
As fiery youth; he needs muſt find a fail
Of what he was, declin'd from top to tail.
Which made him wiſh he might put up his reſt,
And breathe his laſt in his own country's breaſt.
And for this cauſe he went unto her Grace,
And begg'd of her a Muſter-maſter's place,
In Wales, near his firſt home; where he may ſpend
His latter days in peace, and in it end:
And yet to leave behind his martial art,
To Wales' poſterity, before he part.
This ſuit with ſpeed and readineſs is granted,
And ſo to Wales our Muſter-maſter's jaunted.
Here many years he ſpent in telling more,
Or leſs of thoſe ſtrange things he did before:
At laſt in his old age he grows ſo wild,
He needs muſt marry, to beget a child.
Which tho' he miſs'd, the maſtery he muſt have
O'er every ſex, Jones ſent her to her grave.
Devotion now with his old age increaſt,
He meditates thrice every day at leaſt.
His only prayer was the Abſolution
In our old Liturgy, with ſome confuſion
Of ſhort ejaculations in his bed,
For ſome old ſlips, and for the blood he ſhed;
Eſpecially for thoſe ſix Kings he kill'd,
Without remorſe at the Juzippian field:

At laſt death comes, whoſe power he defy'd,
From firſt to laſt, and thus he liv'd and dy'd.
Now you wild blades that make looſe inns your ſtage,
To vapour forth the acts of this ſad age,
Your Edghill fight, the Newberries and the Weſt,
And Northern claſhes, where you ſtill fought beſt:
Your ſtrange eſcapes, your dangers void of fear,
When bullets flew between the head and ear:
Your *pia maters* rent, periſh'd your guts,
Yet live, as then ye had been but earthen buts:
Whether you fought by damme, or the ſpirit,
To you I ſpeak, ſtill waving men of merit,
Be modeſt in your tales, if you exceed
My Captain's hard atchievements, I'll proceed
Once more to imp my rural Muſe's wings,
And turn my lyre ſo high, I'll break her ſtrings,
But I will reach ye, and thence raiſe ſuch laughter,
As ſhall continue for five ages after.

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## *The* CAPTAIN'S ELEGY.

AND art thou gone brave man! hath conq'ring death
Put a full period to thy bluſt'ring breath?
Thus hath ſhe play'd her maſter-piece? and here
Fix'd her *nil ſupra* on thy ſable bier?
'Scap'ſt thou thoſe hideous ſtorms, thoſe horrid fights,
With many giants, cruel beaſts, fierce Knights?
Such dangerous ſtratagems, ſuch foes intrapping,
And now hath death don't? ſure ſhe took thee napping;
For had'ſt thou been awake to uſe thy ſword,
She would have ſhunn'd thee, and have ta'ne thy word
For thy appearance, till the laſt return
Of her long term. Or did thy mettle burn,
Thro' thy chap'd clay unto Elyſium's ſhades,
T' encounter with the ghoſts of thoſe old blades,

Great

Great Cæſar, Scipio, Hannibal; 'cauſe here
Thy fiery ſpirit could not find its peer?
How could'ſt thou elſe find time to fold thy arms
In thy ſtill grave, now Mars rains bloody ſtorms,
On Chriſtian earth? great Auſtria would be ours
Without pitch'd field, without beleaguring tow'rs:
Wert thou but here, thy ſword would ſtrike the ſtroke,
To break or bring their neck to Britain's yoke.
Perhaps it was the providence of Fate,
To ſnatch thee up, leſt thou ſhoul'ſt come too late,
Now ſoldiers drop, pell mell, whoſe ſouls might thruſt
Thine from the chiefeſt place, which thou from firſt
Haſt gain'd on earth; now what ſhall England do?
Limp like ſome grandame that hath loſt her ſhoe.
But caſe a new Tyrone again ſhould ſpring
From his old urn, no ſome ſuch furious thing
As fierce Mac-kill-cow, where were then our Jones,
To bring theſe rebels on their marrow-bones?
Or ſay, 'gainſt Spain our pikes we re-advance,
For their old ſack, as ſuch a thing may chance,
Where ſhall we then find out that martial man,
That kill'd ſix thouſand with nine ſcore? he's gone.
And we that lick the diſh that Homer lapt in,
What fury now ſhall our dull brains be wrap'd in?
We muſt go ſing Sir Launcelot and rehearſe,
Old Huan's villainous proſe in wilder verſe;
Or elſe put up our pipes, and all at once,
Cry farewel wit: all's gone with Captain Jones.
Well, go thy ways (old blade th' haſt done thy ſhare,
For things beyond belief time (never fear)
Will give thee being here: th' haſt left us ſtuff,
To build thy Pyramid, more than enough,
To equal Cair's, and happ'ly 'twill out laſt it,
So with thy glorious deeds we may rough caſt it.
Farewel great ſoul, and take this praiſe with many;
Except thy foes, thou ne'er did'ſt harm to any:
And thus far let our Muſe thy loſs deplore,
Well ſhe may ſigh, but ſhe ſhall ne'er ſing more.

*His* EPITAPH.

TREAD ſoftly (mortals) o'er the bones,
Of the world's wonder Captain Jones:
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd of any:
Poſterity let this ſuffice,
He ſwore all's true, yet here he lyes.

FINIS.

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